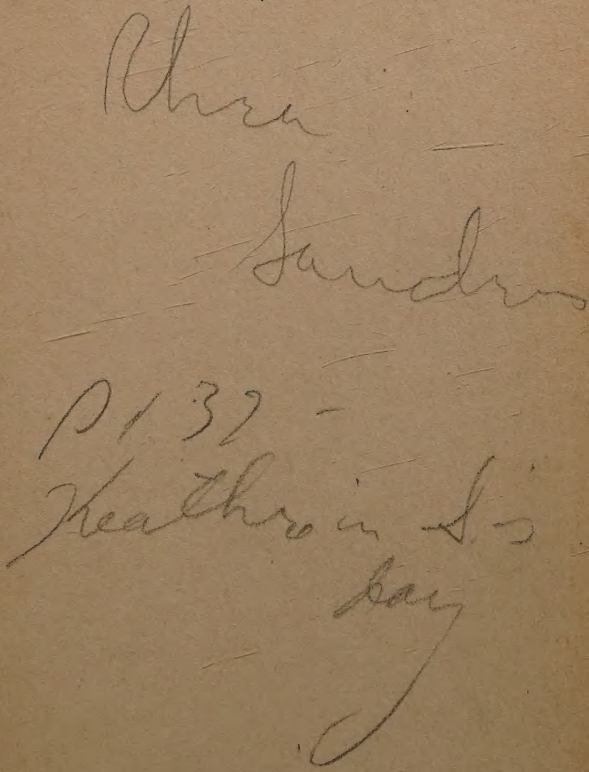
ACADEMY CLASSICS

THE TEMPEST

SHAKESPEARE

ALLYN AND BACON



If by your art, my dearest father, you have
Put the wild waters in this roar, allay them.
— Act I. Scene 2.

The Academy Classics

SHAKESPEARE

THE TEMPEST

EDITED WITH A LIFE OF SHAKESPEARE, AN ACCOUNT OF THE THEATRE IN HIS TIME, AND NUMEROUS AIDS TO THE STUDY OF THE PLAY

BY

SAMUEL THURBER, JR.

NEWTON HIGH SCHOOL

ALLYN AND BACON

BOSTON NEW YORK CHICAGO

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FOREWORD

In revising my father's edition of "The Tempest" I have been influenced by changed conditions of English teaching in high schools since the time when his work was done. The number of pupils has increased greatly and as a consequence reference material is no longer adequate to the demand; literary preparation has grown to be more general and less specialized, while boys and girls of the present day have broader aims and ideals. These conditions call for a different type of annotation from that of twenty-five years ago.

Recent problems arising from the study of "The Tempest" with college preparatory, commercial, and technical classes have led to the inclusion in the present edition of certain features not to be found in my father's work. An attempt has been made to provide such equipment as may make possible a thorough study of the play even in cases where libraries are restricted or not accessible. Among the new features thus provided are the following: fuller and more informational notes; a discussion of the sources of the play; a list of familiar quotations from "The Tempest"; an account of Shakespeare the man — his life, work, reputation — and the theatre for which he wrote; and finally a list of practical, usable topics for oral and written composition. This new material will be found in the appendix following the text of the play.

Foreword

The fact has been kept constantly in mind that this edition of "The Tempest" is to be used as a text-book and the notes and other matter have therefore been made simple and direct. In controversial topics I have chosen — when no other course was practical — what seemed the most reasonable solution, and have refrained from discussing the tempting possibilities. The questions at the end of scenes may be of some assistance to inexperienced students.

It is to be hoped that the additional material provided will not only increase the interest of the student, but that it will also lighten the labor of the teacher.

SAMUEL THURBER, JR.

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Fall to 't, yarely, or we run ourselves aground.
— Act I, Scene 1 1

Be collected:
No more amazement: tell your piteous heart
There's no harm done.
— Act I, Scene 2 4

The red plague rid you
For learning me your language!
— Act I, Scene 2 18

Where should this music be? i' the air or the earth?
— Act I, Scene 2 20

Then wisely, good sir, weigh
Our sorrow with our comfort.
— Act II, Scene 1 25

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And after bite me.
— Act II, Scene 2 37

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That I am Prospero and that very duke
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SHAKESPEARE

WHAT needs my Shakespeare for his honored bones
The labor of an age in piléd stones?
Or that his hallowed reliques should be hid
Under a star-ypointing pyramid?
Dear son of memory, great heir of fame,
What need'st thou such weak witness of thy name?
Thou in our wonder and astonishment
Hast built thyself a live-long monument.
For whilst to the shame of slow-endeavoring art
Thy easy numbers flow, and that each heart
Hath from the leaves of thy unvalued book
Those Delphic lines with deep impression took,
Then thou, our fancy of itself bereaving,
Dost make us marble with too much conceiving;
And, so sepúlchred, in such pomp dost lie
That kings for such a tomb would wish to die.

JOHN MILTON

Fall to 't, yarely, or we run ourselves aground.

—Act I. Scene 1.

THE TEMPEST.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ALONSO, King of Naples.
SEBASTIAN, his brother.
PROSPERO, the right Duke of Milan.
ANTONIO, his brother, the usurping Duke of Milan.
FERDINAND, son to the King of Naples.
GONZALO, an honest old Counsellor.
ADRIAN, FRANCISCO, } Lords.
CALIBAN, a savage and deformed slave.
TRINCULO, a jester.
STEPHANO, a drunken butler.
Master of a ship.
Boatswain.
Mariners.

MIRANDA, daughter to Prospero.

ARIEL, an airy spirit.

IRIS, CERES, JUNO, Nymphs, Reapers, } presented by spirits.

Other spirits attending on Prospero.

SCENE — *A ship at sea: an island.*

ACT I.

SCENE I. *On a ship at sea: a tempestuous noise of thunder and lightning heard.*

Enter a Shipmaster *and* a Boatswain.

Mast. Boatswain!

Boats. Here, master: what cheer?

Mast. Good, speak to the mariners: fall to 't, yarely, or we run ourselves aground: bestir, bestir. [*Exit.*

Enter Mariners.

Boats. Heigh, my hearts! cheerly, cheerly, my hearts! yare, yare! Take in the topsail. Tend to the master's whistle. Blow, till thou burst thy wind, if room enough!

Enter ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, FERDINAND, GONZALO, *and others.*

Alon. Good boatswain, have care. Where 's the master? Play the men.

Boats. I pray now, keep below.

Ant. Where is the master, boatswain?

Boats. Do you not hear him? You mar our labor: keep your cabins: you do assist the storm.

Gon. Nay, good, be patient.

Boats. When the sea is. Hence! What cares these roarers for the name of king? To cabin: silence! trouble us not.

Gon. Good, yet remember whom thou hast aboard.

Boats. None that I more love than myself. You are a counsellor; if you can command these elements to silence, and work the peace of the present, we will not hand a rope more; use your authority: if you cannot, give thanks you have lived so long, and make yourself ready in your cabin for the mischance of the hour, if it so hap. Cheerly, good hearts! Out of our way, I say. [*Exit.*

Gon. I have great comfort from this fellow: methinks he hath no drowning mark upon him; his complexion is perfect gallows. Stand fast, good Fate, to his hanging: make the rope of his destiny our cable, for our own doth little advantage. If he be not born to be hanged, our case is miserable. [*Exeunt.*

Reënter Boatswain.

Boats. Down with the topmast! yare! lower, lower! Bring her to try with main-course. [*A cry within.*] A plague upon this howling! they are louder than the weather or our office.

Reënter SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, *and* GONZALO.

Yet again! what do you here? Shall we give o'er and drown? Have you a mind to sink?

Seb. A pox o' your throat, you bawling, blasphemous, incharitable dog!

Boats. Work you then.

Ant. Hang, cur! hang, you whoreson, insolent noise-maker! We are less afraid to be drowned than thou art.

Gon. I 'll warrant him for drowning; though the ship were no stronger than a nutshell.

Boats. Lay her a-hold, a-hold! set her two courses off to sea again; lay her off.

Enter MARINERS *wet.*

Mariners. All lost! to prayers, to prayers! all lost!

Boats. What, must our mouths be cold?

Gon. The king and prince at prayers! let 's assist them,
For our case is as theirs.

Seb. I 'm out of patience.

Ant. We are merely cheated of our lives by drunkards:
This wide-chapped rascal — would thou mightst lie drowning
The washing of ten tides!

Gon. He 'll be hanged yet,

Though every drop of water swear against it
And gape at widest to glut him.
[*A confused noise within:* "Mercy on us!" — "We split, we split!" — "Farewell, my wife and children!" —
"Farewell, brother!" — "We split, we split, we split!"]
Ant. Let 's all sink with the king.
Seb. Let 's take leave of him.
[*Exeunt Antonio and Sebastian.*
Gon. Now would I give a thousand furlongs of sea for an acre of barren ground, long heath, brown furze, anything. The wills above be done! but I would fain die a dry death. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The island. Before* PROSPERO'S *cell.*

Enter PROSPERO *and* MIRANDA.

Mir. If by your art, my dearest father, you have
Put the wild waters in this roar, allay them.
The sky, it seems, would pour down stinking pitch,
But that the sea, mounting to the welkin's cheek,
Dashes the fire out. O, I have suffered
With those that I saw suffer: a brave vessel,
Who had, no doubt, some noble creature in her,
Dashed all to pieces. O, the cry did knock
Against my very heart. Poor souls, they perished.
Had I been any god of power, I would
Have sunk the sea within the earth or ere
It should the good ship so have swallowed and
The fraughting souls within her.
Pros. Be collected:

Be collected:
No more amazement: tell your piteous heart
There 's no harm done.

— Act I. Scene 2.

No more amazement: tell your piteous heart
There 's no harm done.
Mir. O, woe the day!
Pros. No harm.
I have done nothing but in care of thee,
Of thee, my dear one, thee, my daughter, who
Art ignorant of what thou art, nought knowing
Of whence I am, nor that I am more better
Than Prospero, master of a full poor cell,
And thy no greater father.
Mir. More to know
Did never meddle with my thoughts.
Pros. 'T is time
I should inform thee farther. Lend thy hand,
And pluck my magic garment from me. So:
[*Lays down his mantle.*
Lie there, my art. Wipe thou thine eyes; have comfort.
The direful spectacle of the wreck, which touched
The very virtue of compassion in thee,
I have with such provision in mine art,
So safely ordered that there is no soul —
No, not so much perdition as an hair
Betid to any creature in the vessel
Which thou heard'st cry, which thou saw'st sink. Sit down;
For thou must now know farther.
Mir. You have often
Begun to tell me what I am, but stopped
And left me to a bootless inquisition,
Concluding " Stay: not yet."
Pros. The hour 's now come;

The very minute bids thee ope thine ear;
Obey and be attentive. Canst thou remember
A time before we came unto this cell?
I do not think thou canst, for then thou wast not
Out three years old.
Mir. Certainly, sir, I can.
Pros. By what? by any other house or person?
Of anything the image tell me that
Hath kept with thy remembrance.
Mir. 'T is far off
And rather like a dream than an assurance
That my remembrance warrants. Had I not
Four or five women once that tended me?
Pros. Thou hadst, and more, Miranda. But how is it
That this lives in thy mind? What seest thou else
In the dark backward and abysm of time?
If thou remember'st aught ere thou cam'st here,
How thou cam'st here thou mayst.
Mir. But that I do not.
Pros. Twelve year since, Miranda, twelve year since,
Thy father was the Duke of Milan and
A prince of power.
Mir. Sir, are not you my father?
Pros. Thy mother was a piece of virtue, and
She said thou wast my daughter; and thy father
Was Duke of Milan; and thou his only heir
And princess no worse issued.
Mir. O the heavens!
What foul play had we, that we came from thence?
Or blessed was 't we did?
Pros. Both, both, my girl:

By foul play, as thou say'st, were we heaved thence,
But blessedly holp hither.
Mir. O, my heart bleeds
To think o' the teen that I have turned you to,
Which is from my remembrance! Please you, farther.
Pros. My brother and thy uncle, called Antonio —
I pray thee, mark me — that a brother should
Be so perfidious! — he whom next thyself
Of all the world I loved and to him put
The manage of my state; as at that time
Through all the signories it was the first
And Prospero the prime duke, being so reputed
In dignity, and for the liberal arts
Without a parallel; those being all my study,
The government I cast upon my brother
And to my state grew stranger, being transported
And rapt in secret studies. Thy false uncle —
Dost thou attend me?
Mir. Sir, most heedfully.
Pros. Being once perfected how to grant suits,
How to deny them, who to advance and who
To trash for over-topping, new created
The creatures that were mine, I say, or changed 'em.
Or else new formed 'em; having both the key
Of officer and office, set all hearts i' the state
To what tune pleased his ear; that now he was
The ivy which had hid my princely trunk,
And sucked my verdure out on 't. Thou attend'st not.
Mir. O, good sir, I do.
Pros. I pray thee, mark me.
I, thus neglecting worldly ends, all dedicated

To closeness and the bettering of my mind
With that which, but by being so retired,
O'er-prized all popular rate, in my false brother
Awaked an evil nature; and my trust,
Like a good parent, did beget of him
A falsehood in its contrary as great
As my trust was; which had indeed no limit,
A confidence sans bound. He being thus lorded,
Not only with what my revenue yielded,
But what my power might else exact, like one
Who having into truth, by telling of it,
Made such a sinner of his memory,
To credit his own lie, he did believe
He was indeed the duke; out o' the substitution,
And executing the outward face of royalty,
With all prerogative: hence his ambition growing —
Dost thou hear?

Mir. Your tale, sir, would cure deafness.

Pros. To have no screen between this part he played
And him he played it for, he needs will be
Absolute Milan. Me, poor man, my library
Was dukedom large enough: of temporal royalties
He thinks me now incapable; confederates —
So dry he was for sway — wi' the King of Naples
To give him annual tribute, do him homage,
Subject his coronet to his crown and bend
The dukedom yet unbowed — alas, poor Milan! —
To most ignoble stooping.

Mir. O the heavens!

Pros. Mark his condition and the event; then tell me
If this might be a brother.

Mir. I should sin
To think but nobly of my grandmother:
Good wombs have borne bad sons.
Pros. Now the condition.
This King of Naples, being an enemy
To me inveterate, hearkens my brother's suit;
Which was, that he, in lieu o' the premises
Of homage and I know not how much tribute,
Should presently extirpate me and mine
Out of the dukedom and confer fair Milan
With all the honors on my brother: whereon,
A treacherous army levied, one midnight
Fated to the purpose did Antonio open
The gates of Milan, and, i' the dead of darkness,
The ministers for the purpose hurried thence
Me and thy crying self.
Mir. Alack, for pity!
I, not remembering how I cried out then,
Will cry it o'er again: it is a hint
That wrings mine eyes to 't.
Pros. Hear a little further
And then I 'll bring thee to the present business
Which now 's upon 's; without the which this story
Were most impertinent.
Mir. Wherefore did they not
That hour destroy us?
Pros. Well demanded, wench:
My tale provokes that question. Dear, they durst not,
So dear the love my people bore me, nor set
A mark so bloody on the business, but
With colors fairer painted their foul ends.

In few, they hurried us aboard a bark,
Bore us some leagues to sea; where they prepared
A rotten carcass of a boat, not rigged,
Nor tackle, sail, nor mast; the very rats
Instinctively have quit it: there they hoist us,
To cry to the sea that roared to us, to sigh
To the winds whose pity, sighing back again,
Did us but loving wrong.
Mir. Alack, what trouble
Was I then to you!
Pros. O, a cherubin
Thou wast that did preserve me. Thou didst smile,
Infused with a fortitude from heaven,
When I have decked the sea with drops full salt,
Under my burthen groaned; which raised in me
An undergoing stomach, to bear up
Against what should ensue.
Mir. How came we ashore?
Pros. By Providence divine.
Some food we had and some fresh water that
A noble Neapolitan, Gonzalo,
Out of his charity, who being then appointed
Master of this design, did give us, with
Rich garments, linens, stuffs and necessaries,
Which since have steaded much; so, of his gentleness,
Knowing I loved my books, he furnished me
From mine own library with volumes that
I prize above my dukedom.
Mir. Would I might
But ever see that man!

Pros. Now I arise: [*Resumes his mantle.*
Sit still, and hear the last of our sea-sorrow.
Here in this island we arrived; and here
Have I, thy schoolmaster, made thee more profit
Than other princesses can that have more time
For vainer hours and tutors not so careful.
Mir. Heavens thank you for 't! And now, I pray you, sir,
For still 't is beating in my mind, your reason
For raising this sea-storm?
Pros. Know thus far forth.
By accident most strange, bountiful Fortune,
Now my dear lady, hath mine enemies
Brought to this shore; and by my prescience
I find my zenith doth depend upon
A most auspicious star, whose influence
If now I court not but omit, my fortunes
Will ever after droop. Here cease more questions:
Thou art inclined to sleep; 't is a good dulness,
And give it way: I know thou canst not choose.
[*Miranda sleeps.*
Come away, servant, come. I am ready now.
Approach, my Ariel, come.

Enter ARIEL.

Ari. All hail, great master! grave sir, hail! I come
To answer thy best pleasure; be 't to fly,
To swim, to dive into the fire, to ride
On the curled clouds, to thy strong bidding task
Ariel and all his quality.
Pros. Hast thou, spirit,

Performed to point the tempest that I bade thee?
Ari. To every article.
I boarded the king's ship; now on the beak,
Now in the waist, the deck, in every cabin,
I flamed amazement: sometime I 'ld divide,
And burn in many places; on the topmast,
The yards and bowsprit, would I flame distinctly,
Then meet and join. Jove's lightnings, the precursors
O' the dreadful thunder-claps, more momentary
And sight-outrunning were not; the fire and cracks
Of sulphurous roaring the most mighty Neptune
Seem to besiege and make his bold waves tremble,
Yea, his dread trident shake.
Pros. My brave spirit!
Who was so firm, so constant, that this coil
Would not infect his reason?
Ari. Not a soul
But felt a fever of the mad and played
Some tricks of desperation. All but mariners
Plunged in the foaming brine and quit the vessel,
Then all afire with me: the king's son, Ferdinand,
With hair up-staring, — then like reeds, not hair, —
Was the first man that leaped; cried, " Hell is empty,
And all the devils are here."
Pros. Why, that 's my spirit!
But was not this nigh shore?
Ari. Close by, my master.
Pros. But are they, Ariel, safe?
Ari. Not a hair perished;
On their sustaining garments not a blemish,
But fresher than before: and, as thou bad'st me,

In troops I have dispersed them 'bout the isle
The king's son have I landed by himself;
Whom I left cooling of the air with sighs
In an odd angle of the isle and sitting,
His arms in this sad knot.
Pros. Of the king's ship
The mariners say how thou hast disposed
And all the rest o' the fleet.
Ari. Safely in harbor
Is the king's ship; in the deep nook, where once
Thou call'dst me up at midnight to fetch dew
From the still-vexed Bermoothes, there she's hid:
The mariners all under hatches stowed;
Who, with a charm joined to their suffered labor,
I have left asleep: and for the rest o' the fleet
Which I dispersed, they all have met again
And are upon the Mediterranean flote,
Bound sadly home for Naples,
Supposing that they saw the king's ship wrecked
And his great person perish.
Pros. Ariel, thy charge
Exactly is performed: but there 's more work.
What is the time o' the day?
Ari. Past the mid season.
Pros. At least two glasses. The time 'twixt six and now
Must by us both be spent most preciously.
Ari. Is there more toil? Since thou dost give me pains,
Let me remember thee what thou hast promised,
Which is not yet performed me.
Pros. How now? moody?

What is 't thou canst demand?
Ari. My liberty.
Pros. Before the time be out? no more!
Ari. I prithee,
Remember I have done thee worthy service;
Told thee no lies, made thee no mistakings, served
Without or grudge or grumblings: thou didst promise
To bate me a full year.
Pros. Dost thou forget
From what a torment I did free thee?
Ari. No.
Pros. Thou dost, and think'st it much to tread the ooze
Of the salt deep,
To run upon the sharp wind of the north,
To do me business in the veins o' the earth
When it is baked with frost.
Ari. I do not, sir.
Pros. Thou liest, malignant thing! Hast thou forgot
The foul witch Sycorax, who with age and envy
Was grown into a hoop? hast thou forgot her?
Ari. No, sir.
Pros. Thou hast. Where was she born? speak; tell me.
Ari. Sir, in Argier.
Pros. O, was she so? I must
Once in a month recount what thou hast been,
Which thou forget'st. This damned witch Sycorax,
For mischiefs manifold and sorceries terrible
To enter human hearing, from Argier,
Thou know'st, was banished: for one thing she did
They would not take her life. Is not this true?

Ari. Ay, sir.

Pros. This blue-eyed hag was hither brought with child
And here was left by the sailors. Thou, my slave,
As thou report'st thyself, wast then her servant;
And, for thou wast a spirit too delicate
To act her earthy and abhorred commands,
Refusing her grand hests, she did confine thee,
By help of her more potent ministers
And in her most unmitigable rage,
Into a cloven pine; within which rift
Imprisoned thou didst painfully remain
A dozen years; within which space she died
And left thee there; where thou didst vent thy groans
As fast as mill-wheels strike. Then was this island —
Save for the son that she did litter here,
A freckled whelp hag-born — not honored with
A human shape.

Ari. Yes, Caliban her son.

Pros. Dull thing, I say so; he, that Caliban
Whom now I keep in service. Thou best know'st
What torment I did find thee in; thy groans
Did make wolves howl and penetrate the breasts
Of ever-angry bears: it was a torment
To lay upon the damned, which Sycorax
Could not again undo: it was mine art,
When I arrived and heard thee, that made gape
The pine and let thee out.

Ari. I thank thee, master.

Pros. If thou more murmur'st, I will rend an oak
And peg thee in his knotty entrails till

Thou hast howled away twelve winters.
Ari. Pardon, master;
I will be correspondent to command
And do my spiriting gently.
Pros. Do so, and after two days
I will discharge thee.
Ari. That 's my noble master!
What shall I do? say what; what shall I do?
Pros. Go make thyself like a nymph o' the sea: be subject
To no sight but thine and mine, invisible
To every eyeball else. Go take this shape
And hither come in 't: go, hence with diligence!
[*Exit Ariel.*
Awake, dear heart, awake! thou hast slept well;
Awake!
Mir. The strangeness of your story put
Heaviness in me.
Pros. Shake it off. Come on;
We 'll visit Caliban my slave, who never
Yields us kind answer.
Mir. 'T is a villain, sir,
I do not love to look on.
Pros. But, as 't is,
We cannot miss him: he does make our fire,
Fetch in our wood and serves in offices
That profit us. What, ho! slave! Caliban
Thou earth, thou! speak.
Cal. [*Within*] There 's wood enough within.
Pros. Come forth, I say! there 's other business for thee:
Come, thou tortoise! when?

Rëenter ARIEL *like a water-nymph.*

Fine apparition! My quaint Ariel,
Hark in thine ear.

Ari. My lord, it shall be done. [*Exit.*

Pros. Thou poisonous slave, got by the devil himself
Upon thy wicked dam, come forth!

Enter CALIBAN.

Cal. As wicked dew as e'er my mother brushed
With raven's feather from unwholesome fen
Drop on you both! a southwest blow on ye
And blister you all o'er!

Pros. For this, be sure, to-night thou shalt have cramps,
Side-stitches that shall pen thy breath up; urchins
Shall, for that vast of night that they may work,
All exercïse on thee; thou shalt be pinched
As thick as honeycomb, each pinch more stinging
Than bees that made 'em.

Cal. I must eat my dinner.
This island 's mine, by Sycorax my mother,
Which thou tak'st from me. When thou camest first,
Thou strok'dst me and mad'st much of me, wouldst give me
Water with berries in 't, and teach me how
To name the bigger light, and how the less,
That burn by day and night: and then I loved thee
And showed thee all the qualities o' the isle,
The fresh springs, brine-pits, barren place and fertile:
Cursed be I that did so! All the charms

Of Sycorax, toads, beetles, bats, light on you!
For I am all the subjects that you have,
Which first was mine own king: and here you sty me
In this hard rock, whiles you do keep from me
The rest o' the island.
Pros. Thou most lying slave,
Whom stripes may move, not kindness! I have used thee,
Filth as thou art, with human care, and lodged thee
In mine own cell, till thou didst seek to violate
The honor of my child.
Cal. O ho, O ho! would 't had been done!
Thou didst prevent me; I had peopled else
This isle with Calibans.
Pros. Abhorred slave,
Which any print of goodness wilt not take,
Being capable of all ill! I pitied thee,
Took pains to make thee speak, taught thee each hour
One thing or other: when thou didst not, savage,
Know thine own meaning, but wouldst gabble like
A thing most brutish, I endowed thy purposes
With words that made them known. But thy vile race,
Though thou didst learn, had that in 't which good natures
Could not abide to be with; therefore wast thou
Deservedly confined into this rock,
Who hadst deserved more than a prison.
Cal. You taught me language; and my profit on 't
Is, I know how to curse. The red plague rid you
For learning me your language!
Pros. Hag-seed, hence!
Fetch us in fuel; and be quick, thou 'rt best,

The red plague rid you
For learning me your language!

— Act I. Scene 2.

To answer other business. Shrug'st thou, malice?
If thou neglect'st or dost unwillingly
What I command, I 'll rack thee with old cramps,
Fill all thy bones with aches, make thee roar
That beasts shall tremble at thy din.

Cal. No, pray thee.

[*Aside*] I must obey: his art is of such power,
It would control my dam's god, Setebos,
And make a vassal of him.

Pros. So, slave; hence! [*Exit Caliban.*

Reënter ARIEL, *invisible, playing and singing;* FERDINAND *following.*

ARIEL'S *song.*

Come unto these yellow sands,
And then take hands:
Courtsied when you have and kissed
The wild waves whist,
Foot it featly here and there;
And, sweet sprites, the burthen bear.

Burthen [*dispersedly*]. Hark, hark!
Bow-wow.
The watch-dogs bark:
Bow-wow.

Ari. Hark, hark! I hear
The strain of strutting chanticleer
Cry, Cock-a-diddle-dow.

Fer. Where should this music be? i' the air or the earth?
It sounds no more: and, sure, it waits upon

Some god o' the island. Sitting on a bank,
Weeping again the king my father's wreck,
This music crept by me upon the waters,
Allaying both their fury and my passion
With its sweet air: thence I have followed it,
Or it hath drawn me rather. But 't is gone.
No, it begins again.

ARIEL *sings.*

Full fathom five thy father lies;
Of his bones are coral made;
Those are pearls that were his eyes:
Nothing of him that doth fade
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange.
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell:
Burthen. Ding-dong.

Ari. Hark! now I hear them, — Ding-dong, bell.
Fer. The ditty does remember my drowned father.
This is no mortal business, nor no sound
That the earth owes. I hear it now above me.
Pros. The fringed curtains of thine eye advance
And say what thou seest yond.
Mir. What is 't? a spirit?
Lord, how it looks about! Believe me, sir,
It carries a brave form. But 't is a spirit.
Pros. No, wench; it eats and sleeps and hath such senses
As we have, such. This gallant which thou seest
Was in the wreck; and, but he 's something stained

Where should this music be? i' the air or the earth?
— Act I. Scene 2.

With grief, that 's beauty's canker, thou mightst call him
A goodly person: he hath lost his fellows
And strays about to find 'em.
Mir. I might call him
A thing divine, for nothing natural
I ever saw so noble.
Pros. [*Aside*] It goes on, I see,
As my soul prompts it. Spirit, fine spirit! I 'll free thee
Within two days for this.
Fer. Most sure, the goddess
On whom these airs attend! Vouchsafe my prayer
May know if you remain upon this island;
And that you will some good instruction give
How I may bear me here: my prime request,
Which I do last pronounce, is, O you wonder!
If you be maid or no?
Mir. No wonder, sir;
But certainly a maid.
Fer. My language! heavens!
I am the best of them that speak this speech,
Were I but where 't is spoken.
Pros. How? the best?
What wert thou, if the King of Naples heard thee?
Fer. A single thing, as I am now, that wonders
To hear thee speak of Naples. He does hear me;
And that he does I weep: myself am Naples,
Who with mine eyes, never since at ebb, beheld
The king my father wrecked.
Mir. Alack, for mercy!

Fer. Yes, faith, and all his lords; the Duke of Milan
And his brave son being twain.
Pros. [*Aside*] The Duke of Milan
And his more braver daughter could control thee,
If now 't were fit to do 't. At the first sight
They have changed eyes. Delicate Ariel,
I 'll set thee free for this. [*To Fer.*] A word, good sir;
I fear you have done yourself some wrong: a word.
Mir. Why speaks my father so ungently? This
Is the third man that e'er I saw, the first
That e'er I sighed for: pity move my father
To be inclined my way!
Fer. O, if a virgin,
And your affection not gone forth, I 'll make you
The queen of Naples.
Pros. Soft, sir! one word more.
[*Aside.*] They are both in either's powers; but this swift business
I must uneasy make, lest too light winning
Make the prize light. [*To Fer.*] One word more; I charge thee
That thou attend me: thou dost here usurp
The name thou owest not; and hast put thyself
Upon this island as a spy, to win it
From me, the lord on 't.
Fer. No, as I am a man.
Mir. There 's nothing ill can dwell in such a temple:
If the ill spirit have so fair a house,
Good things will strive to dwell with 't.
Pros. Follow me.

Speak not you for him; he 's a traitor. Come;
I 'll manacle thy neck and feet together:
Sea-water shalt thou drink; thy food shall be
The fresh-brook muscles, withered roots and husks
Wherein the acorn cradled. Follow.
Fer. No;
I will resist such entertainment till
Mine enemy has more power.
[*Draws, and is charmed from moving:*
Mir. O dear father,
Make not too rash a trial of him, for
He 's gentle and not fearful.
Pros. What? I say,
My foot my tutor? Put thy sword up, traitor;
Who makest a show but darest not strike, thy conscience
Is so possessed with guilt: come from thy ward,
For I can here disarm thee with this stick
And make thy weapon drop.
Mir. Beseech you, father.
Pros. Hence! hang not on my garments.
Mir. Sir, have pity;
I 'll be his surety.
Pros. Silence! one word more
Shall make me chide thee, if not hate thee. What!
An advocate for an impostor! hush!
Thou think'st there is no more such shapes as he,
Having seen but him and Caliban: foolish wench!
To the most of men this is a Caliban
And they to him are angels.
Mir. My affections

Are then most humble; I have no ambition
To see a goodlier man.
Pros. Come on; obey:
Thy nerves are in their infancy again
And have no vigor in them.
Fer. So they are;
My spirits, as in a dream, are all bound up.
My father's loss, the weakness which I feel,
The wreck of all my friends, nor this man's threats,
To whom I am subdued, are but light to me,
Might I but through my prison once a day
Behold this maid: all corners else o' the earth
Let liberty make use of; space enough
Have I in such a prison.
Pros. [*Aside*] It works. [*To Fer.*] Come on.
Thou hast done well, fine Ariel! [*To Fer.*] Follow me.
[*To Ari.*] Hark what thou else shalt do me.
Mir. Be of comfort;
My father 's of a better nature, sir,
Than he appears by speech: this is unwonted
Which now came from him.
Pros. Thou shalt be as free
As mountain winds: but then exactly do
All points of my command.
Ari. To the syllable.
Pros. Come, follow. Speak not for him. [*Exeunt.*

Then wisely, good sir, weigh
Our sorrow with our comfort.

— Act II. Scene 1.

ACT II.

SCENE I. *Another part of the island.*

Enter ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, GONZALO, ADRIAN, FRANCISCO, *and others.*

Gon. Beseech you, sir, be merry; you have cause,
So have we all, of joy; for our escape
Is much beyond our loss. Our hint of woe
Is common; every day some sailor's wife,
The masters of some merchant and the merchant
Have just our theme of woe; but for the miracle,
I mean our preservation, few in millions
Can speak like us: then wisely, good sir, weigh
Our sorrow with our comfort.

Alon. Prithee, peace.

Seb. He receives comfort like cold porridge.

Ant. The visitor will not give him o'er so.

Seb. Look, he 's winding up the watch of his wit; by and by it will strike.

Gon. Sir, —

Seb. One: tell.

Gon. When every grief is entertained that 's offered, Comes to the entertainer —

Seb. A dollar.

Gon. Dolor comes to him, indeed: you have spoken truer than you purposed.

Seb. You have taken it wiselier than I meant you should.

Gon. Therefore, my lord, —

Ant. Fie, what a spendthrift is he of his tongue!

Alon. I prithee, spare.
Gon. Well, I have done: but yet, —
Seb. He will be talking.
Ant. Which, of he or Adrian, for a good wager, first begins to crow?
Seb. The old cock.
Ant. The cockerel.
Seb. Done. The wager?
Ant. A laughter.
Seb. A match!
Adr. Though this island seem to be desert, —
Seb. Ha, ha, ha! So, you 're paid.
Adr. Uninhabitable and almost inaccessible, –
Seb. Yet, —
Adr. Yet, —
Ant. He could not miss 't.
Adr. It must needs be of subtle, tender and delicate temperance.
Ant. Temperance was a delicate wench.
Seb. Ay, and a subtle; as he most learnedly delivered.
Adr. The air breathes upon us here most sweetly.
Seb. As if it had lungs and rotten ones.
Ant. Or as 't were perfumed by a fen.
Gon. Here is everything advantageous to life.
Ant. True; save means to live.
Seb. Of that there 's none, or little.
Gon. How lush and lusty the grass looks! how green!
Ant. The ground indeed is tawny.
Seb. With an eye of green in 't.
Ant. He misses not much.

Seb. No; he doth but mistake the truth totally.

Gon. But the rarity of it is, — which is indeed almost beyond credit, —

Seb. As many vouched rarities are.

Gon. That our garments, being, as they were, drenched in the sea, hold notwithstanding their freshness and glosses, being rather new-dyed than stained with salt water.

Ant. If but one of his pockets could speak, would it not say he lies?

Seb. Ay, or very falsely pocket up his report.

Gon. Methinks our garments are now as fresh as when we put them on first in Afric, at the marriage of the king's fair daughter Claribel to the King of Tunis.

Seb. 'T was a sweet marriage, and we prosper well in our return.

Adr. Tunis was never graced before with such a paragon to their queen.

Gon. Not since widow Dido's time.

Ant. Widow! a pox o' that! How came that widow in? widow Dido!

Seb. What if he had said "widower Æneas" too? Good Lord, how you take it!

Adr. "Widow Dido" said you? you make me study of that: she was of Carthage, not of Tunis.

Gon. This Tunis, sir, was Carthage.

Adr. Carthage?

Gon. I assure you, Carthage.

Seb. His word is more than the miraculous harp; he hath raised the wall and houses too.

What impossible matter will he make easy next?

Seb. I think he will carry this island home in his pocket and give it his son for an apple.

Ant. And, sowing the kernels of it in the sea, bring forth more islands.

Gon. Ay.

Ant. Why, in good time.

Gon. Sir, we were talking that our garments seem now as fresh as when we were at Tunis at the marriage of your daughter, who is now queen.

Ant. And the rarest that e'er came there.

Seb. Bate, I beseech you, widow Dido.

Ant. O widow Dido! ay, widow Dido.

Gon. Is not, sir, my doublet as fresh as the first day I wore it? I mean, in a sort.

Ant. That sort was well fished for.

Gon. When I wore it at your daughter's marriage?

Alon. You cram these words into mine ears against
The stomach of my sense. Would I had never
Married my daughter there! for, coming thence,
My son is lost and, in my rate, she too,
Who is so far from Italy removed
I ne'er again shall see her. O thou mine heir
Of Naples and of Milan, what strange fish
Hath made his meal on thee?

Fran. Sir, he may live:
I saw him beat the surges under him,
And ride upon their backs; he trod the water,
Whose enmity he flung aside, and breasted
The surge most swoln that met him; his bold head
'Bove the contentious waves he kept, and oared
Himself with his good arms in lusty stroke

To the shore, that o'er his wave-worn basis bowed,
As stooping to relieve him: I not doubt
He came alive to land.
Alon. No, no, he 's gone.
Seb. Sir, you may thank yourself for this great loss,
That would not bless our Europe with your daughter,
But rather lose her to an African;
Where she at least is banished from your eye
Who hath cause to wet the grief on 't.
Alon. Prithee, peace.
Seb. You were kneeled to and importuned otherwise
By all of us, and the fair soul herself
Weighed between loathness and obedience, at
Which end o' the beam should bow. We have lost your son,
I fear, for ever: Milan and Naples have
More widows in them of this business' making
Than we bring men to comfort them:
The fault 's your own.
Alon. So is the dear'st o' the loss.
Gon. My lord Sebastian,
The truth you speak doth lack some gentleness
And time to speak it in: you rub the sore,
When you should bring the plaster.
Seb. Very well.
Ant. And most chirurgeonly.
Gon. It is foul weather in us all, good sir,
When you are cloudy.
Seb. Foul weather?
Ant. Very foul.
Gon. Had I plantation of this isle, my lord, —

Ant. He 'ld sow 't with nettle-seed.
Seb. Or docks, or mallows.
Gon. And were the king on 't, what would I do?
Seb. 'Scape being drunk for want of wine.
Gon. I' the commonwealth I would by contraries
Execute all things; for no kind of traffic
Would I admit; no name of magistrate;
Letters should not be known; riches, poverty,
And use of service, none; contract, succession,
Bourn, bound of land tilth, vineyard, none;
No use of metal, corn or wine, or oil;
No occupation; all men idle, all;
And women too, but innocent and pure;
No sovereignty; —
Seb. Yet he would be king on 't.
Ant. The latter end of his commonwealth forgets the beginning.
Gon. All things in common nature should produce
Without sweat or endeavor: treason, felony,
Sword, pike, knife, gun, or need of any engine,
Would I not have; but nature should bring forth,
Of it own kind, all foison, all abundance,
To feed my innocent people.
Seb. No marrying 'mong his subjects?
Ant. None, man; all idle.
Gon. I would with such perfection govern, sir,
To excel the golden age.
Seb. God save his majesty!
Ant. Long live Gonzalo!
Gon. And, — do you mark me, sir?
Alon. Prithee, no more: thou dost talk nothing to me.

Gon. I do well believe your highness; and did it to minister occasion to these gentlemen, who are of such sensible and nimble lungs that they always use to laugh at nothing.

Ant. 'T was you we laughed at.

Gon. Who in this kind of merry fooling am nothing to you: so you may continue and laugh at nothing still.

Ant. What a blow was there given!

Seb. An it had not fallen flat-long.

Gon. You are gentlemen of brave mettle; you would lift the moon out of her sphere, if she would continue in it five weeks without changing.

Enter ARIEL, *invisible, playing solemn music.*

Seb. We would so, and then go a bat-fowling.

Ant. Nay, good my lord, be not angry.

Gon. No, I warrant you; I will not adventure my discretion so weakly. Will you laugh me asleep, for I am very heavy?

Ant. Go sleep, and hear us.

[*All sleep except Alon., Seb., and Ant.*

Alon. What, all so soon asleep! I wish mine eyes
Would, with themselves, shut up my thoughts: I find
They are inclined to do so.

Seb. Please you, sir,
Do not omit the heavy offer of it:
It seldom visits sorrow; when it doth,
It is a comforter.

Ant. We two, my lord,
Will guard your person while you take your rest,

And watch your safety.

Alon. Thank you. Wondrous heavy.
[*Alonso sleeps. Exit Ariel.*

Seb. What a strange drowsiness possesses them!

Ant. It is the quality o' the climate.

Seb. Why
Doth it not then our eyelids sink? I find not
Myself disposed to sleep.

Ant. Nor I; my spirits are nimble.
They fell together all, as by consent;
They dropped, as by a thunder-stroke. What might,
Worthy Sebastian? O, what might? — No more: —
And yet methinks I see it in thy face,
What thou shouldst be: the occasion speaks thee, and
My strong imagination sees a crown
Dropping upon thy head.

Seb. What, art thou waking?

Ant. Do you not hear me speak?

Seb. I do; and surely
It is a sleepy language and thou speak'st
Out of thy sleep. What is it thou didst say?
This is a strange repose, to be asleep
With eyes wide open; standing, speaking, moving,
And yet so fast asleep.

Ant. Noble Sebastian,
Thou let'st thy fortune sleep — die, rather; wink'st
Whiles thou art waking.

Seb. Thou dost snore distinctly;
There 's meaning in thy snores.

Ant. I am more serious than my custom: you
Must be so too, if heed me; which to do

Trebles thee o'er.

Seb. Well, I am standing water.

Ant. I 'll teach you how to flow.

Seb. Do so: to ebb
Hereditary sloth instructs me.

Ant. O,
If you but knew how you the purpose cherish
Whiles thus you mock it! how, in stripping it.
You more invest it! Ebbing men, indeed,
Most often do so near the bottom run
By their own fear or sloth.

Seb. Prithee, say on:
The setting of thine eye and cheek proclaim
A matter from thee, and a birth indeed
Which throes thee much to yield.

Ant. Thus, sir:
Although this lord of weak remembrance, this,
Who shall be of as little memory
When he is earthed, hath here almost persuaded, —
For he 's a spirit of persuasion, only
Professes to persuade, — the king his son 's alive,
'T is as impossible that he 's undrowned
As he that sleeps here swims.

Seb. I have no hope
That he 's undrowned.

Ant. O, out of that " no hope "
What great hope have you! no hope that way is
Another way so high a hope that even
Ambition cannot pierce a wink beyond,
But doubt discovery there. Will you grant with me
That Ferdinand is drowned?

Seb. He 's gone.
Ant. Then, tell me,
Who 's the next heir of Naples?
Seb. Claribel.
Ant. She that is queen of Tunis; she that dwells
Ten leagues beyond man's life; she that from Naples
Can have no note, unless the sun were post —
The man i' the moon 's too slow — till new-born chins
Be rough and razorable; she that from whom
We all were sea-swallowed, though some cast again,
And by that destiny to perform an act
Whereof what 's past is prologue, what to come
In yours and my discharge.
Seb. What stuff is this! how say you?
'T is true, my brother's daughter 's queen of Tunis;
So is she heir of Naples; 'twixt which regions
There is some space.
Ant. A space whose every cubit
Seems to cry out, " How shall that Claribel
Measure us back to Naples? Keep in Tunis,
And let Sebastian wake." Say, this were death
That now hath seized them; why, they were no worse
Than now they are. There be that can rule Naples
As well as he that sleeps; lords that can prate
As amply and unnecessarily
As this Gonzalo; I myself could make
A chough of as deep chat. O, that you bore
The mind that I do! what a sleep were this
For your advancement! Do you understand me?
Seb. Methinks I do.
Ant. And how does your content

Tender your own good fortune?
Seb. I remember
You did supplant your brother Prospero.
Ant. True:
And look how well my garments sit upon me;
Much feater than before: my brother's servants
Were then my fellows; now they are my men.
Seb. But, for your conscience.
Ant. Ay, sir; where lies that? If 't were a kibe,
'T would put me to my slipper: but I feel not
This deity in my bosom: twenty consciences,
That stand 'twixt me and Milan, candied be they
And melt ere they molest! Here lies your brother,
No better than the earth he lies upon,
If he were that which now he 's like, that 's dead;
Whom I, with this obedient steel, three inches of it,
Can lay to bed for ever; whiles you, doing thus,
To the perpetual wink for aye might put
This ancient morsel, this Sir Prudence, who
Should not upbraid our course. For all the rest,
They 'll take suggestion as a cat laps milk;
They 'll tell the clock to any business that
We say befits the hour.
Seb. Thy case, dear friend,
Shall be my precedent; as thou got'st Milan,
I 'll come by Naples. Draw thy sword: one stroke
Shall free thee from the tribute which thou payest;
And I the king shall love thee.
Ant. Draw together;
And when I rear my hand, do you the like,

To fall it on Gonzalo.

Seb. O, but one word. [*They talk apart.*

Reënter ARIEL, *invisible.*

Ari. My master through his art foresees the danger
That you, his friend, are in; and sends me forth —
For else his project dies — to keep them living.
[*Sings in Gonzalo's ear.*

While you here do snoring lie,
Open-eyed conspiracy
His time doth take.
If of life you keep a care,
Shake off slumber, and beware:
Awake, awake!

Ant. Then let us both be sudden.

Gon. Now, good angels
Preserve the king. [*They wake.*

Alon. Why, how now? ho, awake! Why are you drawn?
Wherefore this ghastly looking?

Gon. What 's the matter?

Seb. Whiles we stood here securing your repose,
Even now, we heard a hollow burst of bellowing
Like bulls, or rather lions: did 't not wake you?
It struck mine ear most terribly.

Alon. I heard nothing.

Ant. O, 't was a din to fright a monster's ear,
To make an earthquake! sure, it was the roar
Of a whole herd of lions.

Alon. Heard you this, Gonzalo?

Sometime like apes that mow and chatter at me
And after bite me.

— Act II. Scene 2.

Gon. Upon mine honor, sir, I heard a humming,
And that a strange one too, which did awake me:
I shaked you, sir, and cried: as mine eyes opened,
I saw their weapons drawn: there was a noise,
That 's verily. 'T is best we stand upon our guard,
Or that we quit this place: let 's draw our weapons.
Alon. Lead off this ground; and let 's make further search
For my poor son.
Gon. Heavens keep him from these beasts!
For he is, sure, i' the island.
Alon. Lead away.
Ari. Prospero my lord shall know what I have done:
So, king, go safely on to seek thy son. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II. *Another part of the island.*

Enter Caliban *with a burden of wood. A noise of thunder heard.*

Cal: All the infections that the sun sucks up
From bogs, fens, flats, on Prosper fall and make him
By inch-meal a disease! His spirits hear me
And yet I needs must curse. But they 'll nor pinch,
Fright me with urchin-shows, pitch me i' the mire,
Nor lead me like a firebrand, in the dark
Out of my way, unless he bid 'em; but
For every trifle are they set upon me;
Sometime like apes that mow and chatter at me
And after bite me, then like hedgehogs which
Lie tumbling in my barefoot way and mount
Their pricks at my footfall; sometime am I

All wound with adders who with cloven tongues
Do hiss me into madness.

Enter TRINCULO.

Lo, now, lo!
Here comes a spirit of his, and to torment me
For bringing wood in slowly. I 'll fall flat;
Perchance he will not mind me.

Trin. Here 's neither bush nor shrub, to bear off any weather at all, and another storm brewing; I hear it sing i' the wind: yond same black cloud, yond huge one, looks like a foul bombard that would shed his liquor. If it should thunder as it did before, I know not where to hide my head: yond same cloud cannot choose but fall by pail-fuls. What have we here? a man or a fish? dead or alive? A fish: he smells like a fish; a very ancient and fish-like smell; a kind of, not of the newest, Poor-John. A strange fish! Were I in England now, as once I was, and had but this fish painted, not a holiday fool there but would give a piece of silver: there would this monster make a man; any strange beast there makes a man: when they will not give a doit to relieve a lame beggar, they will lay out ten to see a dead Indian. Legged like a man! and his fins like arms! Warm o' my troth! I do now let loose my opinion; hold it no longer: this is no fish, but an islander, that hath lately suffered by a thunderbolt. [*Thunder.*] Alas, the storm is come again! my best way is to creep under his gaberdine; there is no other shelter hereabout: misery acquaints a man with strange bed-fellows. I will here shroud till the dregs of the storm be past.

Enter STEPHANO, *singing: a bottle in his hand.*

Ste. I shall no more to sea, to sea,
Here shall I die ashore —

This is a very scurvy tune to sing at a man's funeral: well, here 's my comfort. [*Drinks.*

[*Sings.*

The master, the swabber, the boatswain and I,
The gunner and his mate
Loved Mall, Meg and Marian and Margery,
But none of us cared for Kate;
For she had a tongue with a tang,
Would cry to a sailor, Go hang!
She loved not the savor of tar nor of pitch;
Then to sea, boys, and let her go hang!

This is a scurvy tune too: but here 's my comfort.

[*Drinks.*

Cal. Do not torment me: Oh!

Ste. What 's the matter? Have we devils here? Do you put tricks upon 's with savages and men of Ind, ha? I have not 'scaped drowning to be afeared now of your four legs; for it hath been said, As proper a man as ever went on four legs cannot make him give ground; and it shall be said so again while Stephano breathes at nostrils.

Cal. The spirit torments me; Oh!

Ste. This is some monster of the isle with four legs, who hath got, as I take it, an ague. Where the devil should he learn our language? I will give him some relief, if it be but for that. If I can recover him and keep him tame and get to Naples with him, he 's a present for any emperor that ever trod on neat's-leather.

Cal. Do not torment me, prithee; I 'll bring my wood home faster.

Ste. He 's in his fit now and does not talk after the wisest. He shall taste of my bottle: if he have never drunk wine afore, it will go near to remove his fit. If I can recover him and keep him tame, I will not take too much for him; he shall pay for him that hath him, and that soundly.

Cal. Thou dost me yet but little hurt; thou wilt anon, I know it by thy trembling: now Prosper works upon thee.

Ste. Come on your ways; open your mouth; here is that which will give language to you, cat: open your mouth; this will shake your shaking, I can tell you, and that soundly: you cannot tell who 's your friend: open your chaps again.

Trin. I should know that voice: it should be — but he is drowned; and these are devils: O defend me!

Ste. Four legs and two voices: a most delicate monster! His forward voice now is to speak well of his friend; his backward voice is to utter foul speeches and to detract. If all the wine in my bottle will recover him, I will help his ague. Come. Amen! I will pour some in thy other mouth!

Trin. Stephano!

Ste. Doth thy other mouth call me? Mercy, mercy! This is a devil, and no monster: I will leave him; I have no long spoon.

Trin. Stephano! If thou beest Stephano, touch me and speak to me: for I am Trinculo — be not afeard — thy good friend Trinculo.

Ste. If thou beest Trinculo, come forth: I 'll pull thee by the lesser legs: if any be Trinculo's legs, these are they. Thou art very Trinculo indeed! How camest thou here with this moon-calf?

Trin. I took him to be killed with a thunder-stroke. But art thou not drowned, Stephano? I hope now thou art not drowned. Is the storm overblown? I hid me under the dead moon-calf's gaberdine for fear of the storm. And art thou living, Stephano? O Stephano, two Neapolitans 'scaped!

Ste. Prithee, do not turn me about; my stomach is not constant.

Cal. [*Aside*] These be fine things, an if they be not sprites.
That 's a brave god and bears celestial liquor.
I will kneel to him.

Ste. How didst thou 'scape? How camest thou hither? swear by this bottle how thou camest hither. I escaped upon a butt of sack which the sailors heaved o'erboard, by this bottle! which I made of the bark of a tree with mine own hands since I was cast ashore.

Cal. I 'll swear upon that bottle to be thy true subject; for the liquor is not earthly.

Ste. Here; swear then how thou escapedst.

Trin. Swum ashore, man, like a duck: I can swim like a duck, I 'll be sworn.

Ste. Here, kiss the book. Though thou canst swim like a duck, thou art made like a goose.

Trin. O Stephano, hast any more of this?

Ste. The whole butt, man: my cellar is in a rock by

the sea-side where my wine is hid. How now, moon-calf! how does thine ague?

Cal. Hast thou not dropped from heaven?

Ste. Out o' the moon, I do assure thee: I was the man i' the moon when time was.

Cal. I have seen thee in her and I do adore thee:
My mistress showed me thee and thy dog and thy bush.

Ste. Come, swear to that; kiss the book: I will furnish it anon with new contents: swear.

Trin. By this good light, this is a very shallow monster! I afeared of him! A very weak monster! The man i' the moon! A most poor credulous monster! Well drawn, monster, in good sooth!

Cal. I 'll show thee every fertile inch o' th' island;
And I will kiss thy foot: I prithee, be my god.

Trin. By this light, a most perfidious and drunken monster! when 's god 's asleep, he 'll rob his bottle.

Cal. I 'll kiss thy foot; I 'll swear myself thy subject.

Ste. Come on then; down, and swear.

Trin. I shall laugh myself to death at this puppy-headed monster. A most scurvy monster! I could find in my heart to beat him, —

Ste. Come, kiss.

Trin. But that the poor monster 's in drink: an abominable monster!

Cal. I 'll show thee the best springs; I 'll pluck thee berries;
I 'll fish for thee and get thee wood enough.
A plague upon the tyrant that I serve!
I 'll bear him no more sticks, but follow thee,

Thou wondrous man.

Trin. A most ridiculous monster, to make a wonder of a poor drunkard!

Cal. I prithee, let me bring thee where crabs grow;
And I with my long nails will dig thee pig-nuts;
Show thee a jay's nest and instruct thee how
To snare the nimble marmoset; I 'll bring thee
To clustering filberts and sometimes I 'll get thee
Young scamels from the rock. Wilt thou go with me?

Ste. I prithee now, lead the way without any more talking. Trinculo, the king and all our company else being drowned, we will inherit here. Here, bear my bottle: fellow Trinculo, we 'll fill him by and by again.

Cal. [*Sings drunkenly*]

Farewell, master; farewell, farewell!

Trin. A howling monster; a drunken monster!

Cal. No more dams I 'll make for fish;
Nor fetch in firing
At requiring;
Nor scrape trencher, nor wash dish:
'Ban, 'Ban, Ca — Caliban
Has a new master: get a new man.
Freedom, hey-day! hey-day, freedom! freedom, hey-day, freedom!

Ste. O brave monster! Lead the way. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. *Before* PROSPERO'S *cell.*

Enter FERDINAND, *bearing a log.*

Fer. There be some sports are painful, and their labor
Delight in them sets off: some kinds of baseness
Are nobly undergone and most poor matters
Point to rich ends. This my mean task
Would be as heavy to me as odious, but
The mistress which I serve quickens what 's dead
And makes my labors pleasures: O, she is
Ten times more gentle than her father 's crabbed,
And he 's composed of harshness. I must remove
Some thousands of these logs and pile them up,
Upon a sore injunction: my sweet mistress
Weeps when she sees me work, and says, such baseness
Had never like executor. I forget:
But these sweet thoughts do even refresh my labors,
Most busy lest, when I do it.

Enter MIRANDA; *and* PROSPERO *at a distance, unseen.*

Mir. Alas, now, pray you,
Work not so hard: I would the lightning had
Burnt up those logs that you are enjoined to pile!
Pray, set it down and rest you: when this burns,
'T will weep for having wearied you. My father
Is hard at study; pray now, rest yourself;
He 's safe for these three hours.

Fer. O most dear mistress
The sun will set before I shall discharge

Alas, now, pray you,
Work not so hard.

— Act III. Scene 1.

What I must strive to do.
Mir. If you 'll sit down,
I 'll bear your logs the while: pray, give me that;
I 'll carry it to the pile.
Fer. No, precious creature;
I had rather crack my sinews, break my back,
Than you should such dishonor undergo,
While I sit lazy by.
Mir. It would become me
As well as it does you: and I should do it
With much more ease; for my good will is to it,
And yours it is against.
Pros. Poor worm, thou art infected!
This visitation shows it.
Mir. You look wearily.
Fer. No, noble mistress; 't is fresh morning with me
When you are by at night. I do beseech you —
Chiefly that I might set it in my prayers —
What is your name?
Mir. Miranda. — O my father,
I have broke your hest to say so!
Fer. Admired Miranda!
Indeed the top of admiration! worth
What 's dearest to the world! Full many a lady
I have eyed with best regard and many a time
The harmony of their tongues hath into bondage
Brought my too diligent ear: for several virtues
Have I liked several women; never any
With so full soul, but some defect in her
Did quarrel with the noblest grace she owed
And put it to the foil: but you, O you,

So perfect and so peerless, are created
Of every creature's best!

Mir. I do not know
One of my sex; no woman's face remember,
Save, from my glass, mine own; nor have I seen
More that I may call men than you, good friend,
And my dear father: how features are abroad,
I am skilless of; but, by my modesty,
The jewel in my dower, I would not wish
Any companion in the world but you,
Nor can imagination form a shape,
Besides yourself, to like of. But I prattle
Something too wildly and my father's precepts
I therein do forget.

Fer. I am in my condition
A prince, Miranda; I do think, a king;
I would, not so! — and would no more endure
This wooden slavery than to suffer
The flesh-fly blow my mouth. Hear my soul speak:
The very instant that I saw you, did
My heart fly to your service; there resides,
To make me slave to it; and for your sake
Am I this patient log-man.

Mir. Do you love me?

Fer. O heaven, O earth, bear witness to this sound
And crown what I profess with kind event
If I speak true! if hollowly, invert
What best is boded me to mischief! I
Beyond all limit of what else i' the world
Do love, prize, honor you.

Mir. I am a fool

To weep at what I am glad of.

Pros. Fair encounter
Of two most rare affections! Heavens rain grace
On that which breeds between 'em!

Fer. Wherefore weep you?

Mir. At mine unworthiness that dare not offer
What I desire to give, and much less take
What I shall die to want. But this is trifling;
And all the more it seeks to hide itself,
The bigger bulk it shows. Hence, bashful cunning!
And prompt me, plain and holy innocence!
I am your wife, if you will marry me;
If not, I 'll die your maid: to be your fellow
You may deny me; but I 'll be your servant,
Whether you will or no.

Fer. My mistress, dearest;
And I thus humble ever.

Mir. My husband, then?

Fer. Ay, with a heart as willing
As bondage e'er of freedom: here 's my hand.

Mir. And mine, with my heart in 't: and now farewell
Till half an hour hence.

Fer. A thousand thousand!

[*Exeunt Fer. and Mir. severally.*

Pros. So glad of this as they I cannot be,
Who are surprised withal; but my rejoicing
At nothing can be more. I 'll to my book,
For yet ere supper-time must I perform
Much business appertaining.

[*Exit.*

SCENE II. *Another part of the island.*

Enter CALIBAN, STEPHANO, *and* TRINCULO.

Ste. Tell not me; when the butt is out, we will drink water; not a drop before: therefore bear up, and board 'em. Servant-monster, drink to me.

Trin. Servant-monster! the folly of this island! They say there 's but five upon this isle: we are three of them; if th' other two be brained like us, the state totters.

Ste. Drink, servant-monster, when I bid thee: thy eyes are almost set in thy head.

Trin. Where should they be set else? he were a brave monster indeed, if they were set in his tail.

Ste. My man-monster hath drowned his tongue in sack: for my part, the sea cannot drown me; I swam, ere I could recover the shore, five and thirty leagues off and on. By this light, thou shalt be my lieutenant, monster, or my standard.

Trin. Your lieutenant, if you list; he 's no standard.

Ste. We 'll not run, Monsieur Monster.

Trin. Nor go neither; but you 'll lie like dogs and yet say nothing neither.

Ste. Moon-calf, speak once in thy life, if thou beest a good moon-calf.

Cal. How does thy honor? Let me lick thy shoe. I 'll not serve him, he 's not valiant.

Trin. Thou liest, most ignorant monster: I am in case to justle a constable. Why, thou deboshed fish, thou, was there ever man a coward that hath drunk so much sack as I to-day? Wilt thou tell a monstrous lie, being but half a fish and half a monster?

As I told thee before, I am subject to a tyrant, a sorcerer, that by his cunning hath cheated me of the island.

— Act III. Scene 2.

Cal. Lo, how he mocks me! wilt thou let him, my lord?

Trin. "Lord," quoth he! That a monster should be such a natural!

Cal. Lo, lo, again! bite him to death, I prithee.

Ste. Trinculo, keep a good tongue in your head: if you prove a mutineer, — the next tree! The poor monster 's my subject and he shall not suffer indignity.

Cal. I thank my noble lord. Wilt thou be pleased to hearken once again to the suit I made to thee?

Ste. Marry, will I: kneel and repeat it; I will stand, and so shall Trinculo.

Enter ARIEL, *invisible.*

Cal. As I told thee before, I am subject to a tyrant, a sorcerer, that by his cunning hath cheated me of the island.

Ari. Thou liest.

Cal. Thou liest, thou jesting monkey, thou:
I would my valiant master would destroy thee!
I do not lie.

Ste. Trinculo, if you trouble him any more in 's tale, by this hand, I will supplant some of your teeth.

Trin. Why, I said nothing.

Ste. Mum, then, and no more. Proceed.

Cal. I say, by sorcery he got this isle;
From me he got it. If thy greatness will
Revenge it on him, — for I know thou darest,
But this thing dare not, —

Ste. That 's most certain.

Cal. Thou shalt be lord of it and I 'll serve thee.

Ste. How now shall this be compassed? Canst thou bring me to the party?

Cal. Yea, yea, my lord: I 'll yield him thee asleep,
Where thou mayst knock a nail into his head.

Ari. Thou liest; thou canst not.

Cal. What a pied ninny 's this! Thou scurvy patch!
I do beseech thy greatness, give him blows
And take his bottle from him: when that 's gone
He shall drink nought but brine; for I 'll not show him
Where the quick freshes are.

Ste. Trinculo, run into no further danger: interrupt the monster one word further, and, by this hand, I 'll turn my mercy out o' doors and make a stock-fish of thee.

Trin. Why, what did I? I did nothing. I 'll go farther off.

Ste. Didst thou not say he lied?

Ari. Thou liest.

Ste. Do I so? take thou that. [*Beats Trin.*] As you like this, give me the lie another time.

Trin. I did not give the lie. Out o' your wits and hearing too? A pox o' your bottle! this can sack and drinking do. A murrain on your monster, and the devil take your fingers!

Cal. Ha, ha, ha!

Ste. Now, forward with your tale. Prithee, stand farther off.

Cal. Beat him enough: after a little time
I 'll beat him too.

Ste. Stand farther. Come, proceed.

Cal. Why, as I told thee, 't is a custom with him,
I' th' afternoon to sleep: there thou mayst brain him,

Having first seized his books, or with a log
Batter his skull, or paunch him with a stake,
Or cut his wezand with thy knife. Remember
First to possess his books; for without them
He 's but a sot, as I am, nor hath not
One spirit to command: they all do hate him
As rootedly as I. Burn but his books.
He has brave utensils, — for so he calls them, —
Which, when he has a house, he 'll deck withal.
And that most deeply to consider is
The beauty of his daughter; he himself
Calls her a nonpareil: I never saw a woman,
But only Sycorax my dam and she;
But she as far surpasseth Sycorax
As great'st does least.

Ste. Is it so brave a lass?

Cal. Ay, lord; she will become thy bed, I warrant,
And bring thee forth brave brood.

Ste. Monster, I will kill this man: his daughter and I will be king and queen, — save our graces! — and Trinculo and thyself shall be viceroys. Dost thou like the plot, Trinculo?

Trin. Excellent.

Ste. Give me thy hand: I am sorry I beat thee; but, while thou livest, keep a good tongue in thy head.

Cal. Within this half hour will he be asleep:
Wilt thou destroy him then?

Ste. Ay, on mine honor.

Ari. This will I tell my master.

Cal. Thou makest me merry; I am full of pleasure:
Let us be jocund: will you troll the catch

You taught me but while-ere?

Ste. At thy request, monster, I will do reason, any reason. Come on, Trinculo, let us sing. [*Sings.*

Flout 'em and scout 'em
And scout 'em and flout 'em;
Thought is free.

Cal. That 's not the tune.

[*Ariel plays the tune on a tabor and pipe.*

Ste. What is this same?

Trin. This is the tune of our catch, played by the picture of Nobody.

Ste. If thou beest a man, show thyself in thy likeness: if thou beest a devil, take 't as thou list.

Trin. O, forgive me my sins!

Ste. He that dies pays all debts: I defy thee. Mercy upon us!

Cal. Art thou afeard?

Ste. No, monster, not I.

Cal. Be not afeard; the isle is full of noises,
Sounds and sweet airs, that give delight and hurt not.
Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments
Will hum about mine ears, and sometime voices
That, if I then had waked after long sleep,
Will make me sleep again: and then, in dreaming,
The clouds methought would open and show riches
Ready to drop upon me, that, when I waked,
I cried to dream again.

Ste. This will prove a brave kingdom to me, where I shall have my music for nothing.

Cal. When Prospero is destroyed.

Ste. That shall be by and by: I remember the story.

Trin. The sound is going away; let 's follow it, and after do our work.

Ste. Lead, monster; we 'll follow. I would I could see this taborer; he lays it on.

Trin. Wilt come? I 'll follow, Stephano. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III. *Another part of the island.*

Enter Alonso, Sebastian, Antonio, Gonzalo, Adrian, Francisco, *and others.*

Gon. By 'r lakin, I can go no further, sir;
My old bones ache: here 's a maze trod indeed
Through forth-rights and meanders! By your patience,
I needs must rest me.

Alon. Old lord, I cannot blame thee,
Who am myself attached with weariness,
To the dulling of my spirits: sit down, and rest.
Even here I will put off my hope and keep it
No longer for my flatterer: he is drowned
Whom thus we stray to find, and the sea mocks
Our frustrate search on land. Well, let him go.

Ant. [*Aside to Seb.*] I am right glad that he 's so out of hope.
Do not, for one repulse, forego the purpose
That you resolved to effect.

Seb. [*Aside to Ant.*] The next advantage
Will we take throughly.

Ant. [*Aside to Seb.*] Let it be to-night;
For, now they are oppressed with travel, they
Will not, nor cannot, use such vigilance

As when they are fresh.

Seb. [*Aside to Ant.*] I say, to-night: no more.

[*Solemn and strange music.*

Alon. What harmony is this? My good friends, hark!

Gon. Marvellous sweet music!

Enter PROSPERO *above, invisible. Enter several strange Shapes, bringing in a banquet; they dance about it with gentle actions of salutation; and, inviting the King, etc. to eat, they depart.*

Alon. Give us kind keepers, heavens! What were these?

Seb. A living drollery. Now I will believe
That there are unicorns, that in Arabia
There is one tree, the phœnix' throne, one phœnix
At this hour reigning there.

Ant. I 'll believe both;
And what does else want credit, come to me,
And I 'll be sworn 't is true: travellers ne'er did lie,
Though fools at home condemn 'em.

Gon. If in Naples
I should report this now, would they believe me?
If I should say, I saw such islanders —
For, certes, these are people of the island —
Who, though they are of monstrous shape, yet, note,
Their manners are more gentle-kind than of
Our human generation you shall find
Many, nay, almost any.

Pros. [*Aside*] Honest lord,
Thou hast said well; for some of you there present

Are worse than devils.

Alon. I cannot too much muse
Such shapes, such gesture and such sound, expressing,
Although they want the use of tongue, a kind
Of excellent dumb discourse.

Pros. [*Aside*] Praise in departing.

Fran. They vanished strangely.

Seb. No matter, since
They have left their viands behind; for we have stomachs.
Will 't please you taste of what is here?

Alon. Not I.

Gon. Faith, sir, you need not fear. When we were boys,
Who would believe that there were mountaineers
Dew-lapped like bulls, whose throats had hanging at 'em
Wallets of flesh? or that there were such men
Whose heads stood in their breasts? which now we find
Each putter-out of five for one will bring us
Good warrant of.

Alon. I will stand to and feed,
Although my last: no matter, since I feel
The best is past. Brother, my lord the duke,
Stand to and do as we.

Thunder and lightning. Enter ARIEL, *like a harpy; claps his wings upon the table; and, with a quaint device, the banquet vanishes.*

Ari. You are three men of sin, whom Destiny,
That hath to instrument this lower world
And what is in 't, the never-surfeited sea
Hath caused to belch up you; and on this island
Where man doth not inhabit; you 'mongst men

Being most unfit to live. I have made you mad;
And even with such-like valor men hang and drown
Their proper selves. [*Alon., Seb., etc. draw their swords.*
You fools! I and my fellows
Are ministers of Fate: the elements,
Of whom your swords are tempered, may as well
Wound the loud winds, or with bemocked-at stabs
Kill the still-closing waters, as diminish
One dowle that 's in my plume: my fellow-ministers
Are like invulnerable. If you could hurt,
Your swords are now too massy for your strengths
And will not be uplifted. But remember —
For that 's my business to you — that you three
From Milan did supplant good Prospero;
Exposed unto the sea, which hath requit it,
Him and his innocent child: for which foul deed
The powers, delaying, not forgetting, have
Incensed the seas and shores, yea, all the creatures,
Against your peace. Thee of thy son, Alonso,
They have bereft; and do pronounce by me:
Lingering perdition, worse than any death
Can be at once, shall step by step attend
You and your ways; whose wraths to guard you from —
Which here, in this most desolate isle, else falls
Upon your heads — is nothing but heart-sorrow
And a clear life ensuing.

He vanishes in thunder; then, to soft music, enter the Shapes again, and dance, with mocks and mows, and carrying out the table.

Pros. Bravely the figure of this harpy hast thou

Performed, my Ariel; a grace it had, devouring:
Of my instruction hast thou nothing bated
In what thou hadst to say: so, with good life
And observation strange, my meaner ministers
Their several kinds have done. My high charms work
And these mine enemies are all knit up
In their distractions; they now are in my power;
And in these fits I leave them, while I visit
Young Ferdinand, whom they suppose is drowned,
And his and mine loved darling. [*Exit above.*

Gon. I' the name of something holy, sir, why stand you
In this strange stare?

Alon. O, it is monstrous, monstrous!
Methought the billows spoke and told me of it;
The winds did sing it to me, and the thunder,
That deep and dreadful organ-pipe, pronounced
The name of Prosper: it did bass my trespass.
Therefore my son i' the ooze is bedded, and
I 'll seek him deeper than e'er plummet sounded
And with him there lie mudded. [*Exit.*

Seb. But one fiend at a time,
I 'll fight their legions o'er.

Ant. I 'll be thy second.

[*Exeunt Seb. and Ant.*

Gon. All three of them are desperate: their great guilt,
Like poison given to work a great time after,
Now 'gins to bite the spirits. I do beseech you
That are of suppler joints, follow them swiftly
And hinder them from what this ecstasy
May now provoke them to.

Adr. Follow, I pray you. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *Before* PROSPERO'S *cell.*

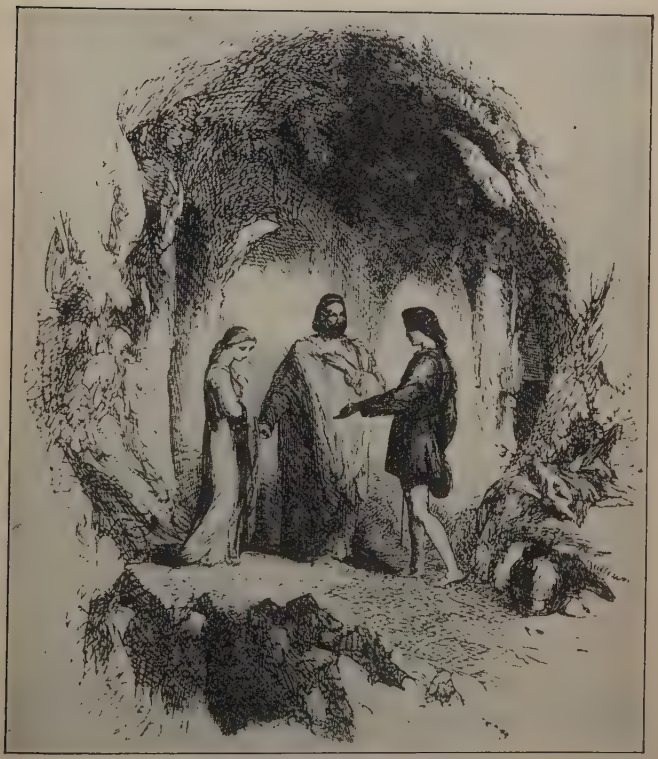
Enter PROSPERO, FERDINAND, *and* MIRANDA.

Pros. If I have too austerely punished you,
Your compensation makes amends, for I
Have given you here a third of mine own life,
Or that for which I live; who once again
I tender to thy hand: all thy vexations
Were but my trials of thy love, and thou
Hast strangely stood the test: here, afore Heaven,
I ratify this my rich gift. O Ferdinand,
Do not smile at me that I boast her off,
For thou shalt find she will outstrip all praise
And make it halt behind her.

Fer. I do believe it
Against an oracle.

Pros. Then, as my gift and thine own acquisition
Worthily purchased, take my daughter: but
If thou dost break her virgin-knot before
All sanctimonious ceremonies may
With full and holy rite be minister'd,
No sweet aspersion shall the heavens let fall
To make this contract grow; but barren hate,
Sour-eyed disdain and discord shall bestrew
The union of your bed with weeds so loathly
That you shall hate it both: therefore take heed,
As Hymen's lamps shall light you.

Fer. As I hope
For quiet days, fair issue and long life,



If I have too austerely punished you,
Your compensation makes amends, for I
Have given you here a third of mine own life,
Or that for which I live; who once again
I tender to thy hand.

— Act IV. Scene 1.

With such love as 't is now, the murkiest den,
The most opportune place, the strong'st suggestion
Our worser genius can, shall never melt
Mine honor into lust, to take away
The edge of that day's celebration
When I shall think, or Phœbus' steeds are founder'd,
Or Night kept chain'd below.

Pros. Fairly spoke.
Sit then and talk with her; she is thine own.
What, Ariel! my industrious servant, Ariel!

Enter ARIEL.

Ari. What would my potent master? here I am.

Pros. Thou and thy meaner fellows your last service
Did worthily perform; and I must use you
In such another trick. Go bring the rabble,
O'er whom I give thee power, here to this place:
Incite them to quick motion; for I must
Bestow upon the eyes of this young couple
Some vanity of mine art: it is my promise,
And they expect it from me.

Ari. Presently?

Pros. Ay, with a twink.

Ari. Before you can say "come" and "go,"
And breathe twice and cry "so, so,"
Each one, tripping on his toe,
Will be here with mop and mow.
Do you love me, master? no?

Pros. Dearly, my delicate Ariel. Do not approach
Till thou dost hear me call.

Ari. Well, I conceive. [*Exit.*

Pros. Look thou be true; do not give dalliance
Too much the rein: the strongest oaths are straw
To the fire i' the blood: be more abstemious,
Or else, good night your vow!
Fer. I warrant you, sir;
The white cold virgin snow upon my heart
Abates the ardor of my liver.
Pros. Well.
Now come, my Ariel! bring a corollary,
Rather than want a spirit: appear, and pertly!
No tongue! all eyes! be silent. [*Soft music.*

Enter Iris.

Iris. Ceres, most bounteous lady, thy rich leas
Of wheat, rye, barley, vetches, oats and pease;
Thy turfy mountains, where live nibbling sheep,
And flat meads thatched with stover, them to keep;
Thy banks with pioned and twilled brims,
Which spongy April at thy hest betrims,
To make cold nymphs chaste crowns; and thy broom-groves,
Whose shadow the dismissed bachelor loves,
Being lass-lorn; thy pole-clipt vineyard;
And thy sea-marge, sterile and rocky-hard,
Where thou thyself dost air; — the queen o' the sky,
Whose watery arch and messenger am I,
Bids thee leave these, and with her sovereign grace,
Here on this grass-plot, in this very place,
To come and sport: her peacocks fly amain:
Approach, rich Ceres, her to entertain.

Enter CERES.

Cer. Hail, many colored messenger, that ne'er
Dost disobey the wife of Jupiter;
Who with thy saffron wings upon my flowers
Diffusest honey-drops, refreshing showers,
And with each end of thy blue bow dost crown
My bosky acres and my unshrubbed down,
Rich scarf to my proud earth; why hath thy queen
Summoned me hither, to this short-grassed green?
Iris. A contract of true love to celebrate;
And some donation freely to estate
On the blest lovers.
Cer. Tell me, heavenly bow,
If Venus or her son, as thou dost know,
Do now attend the queen? Since they did plot
The means that dusky Dis my daughter got,
Her and her blind boy's scandalled company
I have forsworn.
Iris. Of her society
Be not afraid: I met her deity
Cutting the clouds towards Paphos and her son
Dove-drawn with her. Here thought they to have done
Some wanton charm upon this man and maid,
Whose vows are, that no bed-right shall be paid
Till Hymen's torch be lighted: but in vain;
Mars's hot minion is returned again;
Her waspish-headed son has broke his arrows.
Swears he will shoot no more but play with sparrows
And be a boy right out.
Cer. High'st queen of state,
Great Juno, comes; I know her by her gait.

Enter JUNO.

Juno. How does my bounteous sister? Go with me
To bless this twain, that they may prosperous be
And honored in their issue. [*They sing.*

Juno. Honor, riches, marriage-blessing,
Long continuance, and increasing,
Hourly joys be still upon you!
Juno sings her blessings on you.

Cer. Earth's increase, foison plenty,
Barns and garners never empty,
Vines with clustering bunches growing,
Plants with goodly burthen bowing;

Spring come to you at the farthest
In the very end of harvest!
Scarcity and want shall shun you;
Ceres' blessing so is on you.

Fer. This is a most majestic vision, and
Harmonious charmingly. May I be bold
To think these spirits?
Pros. Spirits, which by mine art
I have from their confines called to enact
My present fancies.
Fer. Let me live here ever;
So rare a wondered father and a wise
Makes this place Paradise.
[*Juno and Ceres whisper, and send Iris on employment.*
Pros. Sweet, now, silence!
Juno and Ceres whisper seriously;

There 's something else to do: hush, and be mute,
Or else our spell is marred.

Iris. You nymphs, called Naiads, of the wind-ring brooks,
With your sedged crowns and ever-harmless looks
Leave your crisp channels and on this green land
Answer your summons; Juno does command:
Come, temperate nymphs, and help to celebrate
A contract of true love; be not too late.

Enter certain Nymphs.

You sunburnt sicklemen, of August weary,
Come hither from the furrow and be merry:
Make holiday; your rye-straw hats put on
And these fresh nymphs encounter every one
In country footing.

Enter certain Reapers, properly habited: they join with the Nymphs in a graceful dance; towards the end whereof PROSPERO *starts suddenly, and speaks; after which, to a strange, hollow, and confused noise, they heavily vanish.*

Pros. [*Aside*] I had forgot that foul conspiracy
Of the beast Caliban and his confederates
Against my life: the minute of their plot
Is almost come. [*To the Spirits.*] Well done! avoid! no more!

Fer. This is strange: your father 's in some passion
That works him strongly.

Mir. Never till this day
Saw I him touched with anger so distempered.

Pros. You do look, my son, in a moved sort,

As if you were dismayed: be cheerful, sir.
Our revels now are ended. These our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits and
Are melted into air, into thin air:
And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff
As dreams are made of, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep. Sir, I am vexed;
Bear with my weakness; my old brain is troubled:
Be not disturbed with my infirmity:
If you be pleased, retire into my cell
And there repose: a turn or two I 'll walk,
To still my beating mind.

Fer. Mir. We wish your peace. [*Exeunt.*

Pros. Come with a thought. I thank thee, Ariel: come.

Enter ARIEL.

Ari. Thy thoughts I cleave to. What 's thy pleasure?

Pros. Spirit,
We must prepare to meet with Caliban.

Ari. Ay, my commander: when I presented Ceres,
I thought to have told thee of it, but I feared
Lest I might anger thee.

Pros. Say again, where didst thou leave these varlets?

Ari. I told you, sir, they were red-hot with drinking;

So full of valor that they smote the air
For breathing in their faces; beat the ground
For kissing of their feet; yet always bending
Towards their project. Then I beat my tabor;
At which, like unbacked colts, they pricked their ears,
Advanced their eyelids, lifted up their noses
As they smelt music: so I charmed their ears
That calf-like they my lowing followed through
Toothed briers, sharp furzes, pricking goss and thorns,
Which entered their frail shins: at last I left them
I' the filthy-mantled pool beyond your cell,
There dancing up to the chins, that the foul lake
O'erstunk their feet.

Pros. This was well done, my bird.
Thy shape invisible retain thou still:
The trumpery in my house, go bring it hither,
For stale to catch these thieves.

Ari. I go, I go. [*Exit.*

Pros. A devil, a born devil, on whose nature
Nurture can never stick; on whom my pains,
Humanely taken, all, all lost, quite lost;
And as with age his body uglier grows,
So his mind cankers. I will plague them all,
Even to roaring.

Reënter ARIEL, *loaden with glistering apparel, etc.*

Come, hang them on this line.

PROSPERO *and* ARIEL *remain, invisible. Enter* CALIBAN, STEPHANO, *and* TRINCULO, *all wet.*

Cal. Pray you, tread softly, that the blind mole may not
Hear a foot fall: we now are near his cell.

Ste. Monster, your fairy, which you say is a harmless fairy, has done little better than played the Jack with us — Do you hear, monster? If I should take a displeasure against you, look you, —

Trin. Thou wert but a lost monster.

Cal. Good my lord, give me thy favor still.
Be patient, for the prize I 'll bring thee to
Shall hoodwink this mischance: therefore speak softly.
All 's hushed as midnight yet.

Trin. Ay, but to lose our bottles in the pool, —

Ste. There is not only disgrace and dishonor in that, monster, but an infinite loss.

Trin. That 's more to me than my wetting: yet this is your harmless fairy, monster.

Ste. I will fetch off my bottle, though I be o'er ears for my labor.

Cal. Prithee, my king, be quiet. See'st thou here,
This is the mouth o' the cell: no noise, and enter.
Do that good mischief which may make this island
Thine own for ever, and I, thy Caliban,
For aye thy foot-licker.

Ste. Give me thy hand. I do begin to have bloody thoughts.

Trin. O king Stephano! O peer! O worthy Stephano! look what a wardrobe here is for thee!

Cal. Let it alone, thou fool; it is but trash.

Trin. O, ho, monster! we know what belongs to a frippery. O king Stephano!

Ste. Put off that gown, Trinculo; by this hand, I 'll have that gown.

Trin. Thy grace shall have it.

Cal. The dropsy drown this fool! what do you mean
To dote thus on such luggage? Let 's alone
And do the murder first: if he awake,
From toe to crown he 'll fill our skins with pinches,
Make us strange stuff.

Ste. Be you quiet, monster. Mistress line, is not this my jerkin? Now is the jerkin under the line: now, jerkin, you are like to lose you hair and prove a bald jerkin.

Trin. Do, do: we steal by line and level, an 't like your grace.

Ste. I thank thee for that jest; here 's a garment for 't: wit shall not go unrewarded while I am king of this country. "Steal by line and level" is an excellent pass of pate; there 's another garment fo 't.

Trin. Monster, come, put some lime upon your fingers, and away with the rest.

Cal. I will have none on 't: we shall lose our time,
And all be turned to barnacles, or to apes
With foreheads villanous low.

Ste. Monster, lay-to your fingers: help to bear this away where my hogshead of wine is, or I 'll turn you out of my kingdom: go to, carry this.

Trin. And this.

Ste. Ay, and this.

A noise of hunters heard. Enter divers Spirits, in shape of dogs and hounds, and hunt them about, PROSPERO *and* ARIEL *setting them on.*

Pros. Hey, Mountain, hey!

Ari. Silver! there it goes, Silver!

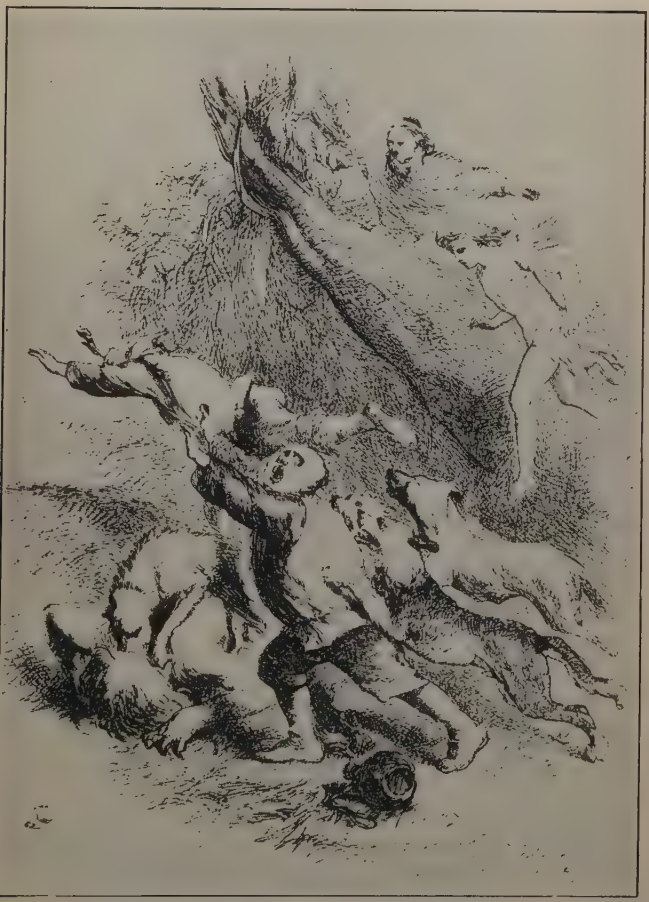
Pros. Fury, Fury! there, Tyrant, there! hark! hark!
[*Cal., Ste., and Trin. are driven out.*
Go charge my goblins that they grind their joints
With dry convulsions, shorten up their sinews
With aged cramps, and more pinch-spotted make them
Than pard or cat o' mountain.
Ari. Hark, they roar!
Pros. Let them be hunted soundly. At this hour
Lie at my mercy all mine enemies:
Shortly shall all my labors end, and thou
Shalt have the air at freedom: for a little
Follow, and do me service. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V

SCENE I. *Before* PROSPERO'S *cell.*

Enter PROSPERO, *in his magic robes, and* ARIEL.

Pros. Now does my project gather to a head:
My charms crack not; my spirits obey; and time
Goes upright with his carriage. How 's the day?
Ari. On the sixth hour; at which time, my lord,
You said our work should cease.
Pros. I did say so,
When first I raised the tempest. Say, my spirit,
How fares the king and 's followers?
Ari. Confined together
In the same fashion as you gave in charge,
Just as you left them; all prisoners, sir,
In the line-grove which weather-fends your cell;



Fury, Fury! there Tyrant, there! hark! hark!
— Act IV. Scene 1.

They cannot budge till your release. The king,
His brother and yours, abide all three distracted
And the remainder mourning over them,
Brimful of sorrow and dismay; but chiefly
Him that you termed, sir, "The good old lord, Gonzalo";
His tears run down his beard, like winter's drops
From eaves of reeds. Your charm so strongly works 'em
That if you now beheld them, your affections
Would become tender.

Pros. Dost thou think so, spirit?

Ari. Mine would, sir, were I human

Pros. And mine shall.

Hast thou, which art but air, a touch, a feeling
Of their afflictions, and shall not myself,
One of their kind, that relish all as sharply,
Passion as they, be kindlier moved than thou art?
Though with their high wrongs I am struck to the quick,
Yet with my nobler reason 'gainst my fury
Do I take part: the rarer action is
In virtue than in vengeance: they being penitent,
The sole drift of my purpose doth extend
Not a frown further. Go release them, Ariel:
My charms I 'll break, their senses I 'll restore,
And they shall be themselves.

Ari. I 'll fetch them, sir. [*Exit.*

Pros. Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes and groves,
And ye that on the sands with printless foot
Do chase the ebbing Neptune and do fly him
When he comes back; you demi-puppets that
By moonshine do the green sour ringlets make,

Whereof the ewe not bites, and you whose pastime
Is to make midnight mushrooms, that rejoice
To hear the solemn curfew; by whose aid,
Weak masters though ye be, I have bedimmed
The noontide sun, called forth the mutinous winds,
And 'twixt the green sea and the azured vault
Set roaring war: to the dread rattling thunder
Have I given fire and rifted Jove's stout oak
With his own bolt; the strong-based promontory
Have I made shake and by the spurs plucked up
The pine and cedar: graves at my command
Have waked their sleepers, oped, and let 'em forth
By my so potent art. But this rough magic
I here abjure, and, when I have required
Some heavenly music, which even now I do.
To work mine end upon their senses that
This airy charm is for, I 'll break my staff,
Bury it certain fathoms in the earth,
And deeper than did ever plummet sound
I 'll drown my book. [*Solemn music.*

Reënter ARIEL *before: then* ALONSO, *with a frantic gesture, attended by* GONZALO; SEBASTIAN *and* ANTONIO *in like manner, attended by* ADRIAN *and* FRANCISCO: *they all enter the circle which* PROSPERO *had made, and there stand charmed; which* PROSPERO *observing, speaks:*

A solemn air and the best comforter
To an unsettled fancy cure thy brains,
Now useless, boiled within thy skull! There stand,
For you are spell-stopped.
Holy Gonzalo, honorable man,

I 'll break my staff,
Bury it certain fathoms in the earth,
And deeper than did ever plummet sound
I 'll drown my book.

— Act V. Scene 1.

Mine eyes, even sociable to the show of thine,
Fall fellowly drops. The charm dissolves apace,
And as the morning steals upon the night,
Melting the darkness, so their rising senses
Begin to chase the ignorant fumes that mantle
Their clearer reason. O good Gonzalo,
My true preserver, and a loyal sir
To him thou follow'st! I will pay thy graces
Home both in word and deed. Most cruelly
Didst thou, Alonso, use me and my daughter:
Thy brother was a furtherer in the act.
Thou art pinched for 't now, Sebastian. Flesh and blood,
You, brother mine, that entertained ambition,
Expelled remorse and nature; who, with Sebastian,
Whose inward pinches therefore are most strong,
Would here have killed your king; I do forgive thee,
Unnatural though thou art. Their understanding
Begins to swell, and the approaching tide
Will shortly fill the reasonable shore
That now lies foul and muddy. Not one of them
That yet looks on me, or would know me: Ariel,
Fetch me the hat and rapier in my cell:
I will discase me, and myself present
As I was sometime Milan: quickly, spirit;
Thou shalt ere long be free.

ARIEL *sings and helps to attire him.*

Where the bee sucks, there suck I:
In a cowslip's bell I lie;
There I couch when owls do cry.
On the bat's back I do fly

After summer merrily.
Merrily, merrily shall I live now
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

Pros. Why, that 's my dainty Ariel! I shall miss thee;
But yet thou shalt have freedom: so, so, so.
To the king's ship, invisible as thou art:
There shalt thou find the mariners asleep
Under the hatches; the master and the boatswain
Being awake, enforce them to this place,
And presently, I prithee.
Ari. I drink the air before me, and return
Or ere your pulse twice beat. [*Exit.*
Gon. All torment, trouble, wonder and amazement
Inhabits here: some heavenly power guide us
Out of this fearful country!
Pros. Behold, sir king,
The wronged Duke of Milan, Prospero:
For more assurance that a living prince
Does now speak to thee, I embrace thy body;
And to thee and thy company I bid
A hearty welcome.
Alon. Whether thou be'st he or no,
Or some enchanted trifle to abuse me,
As late I have been, I not know: thy pulse
Beats as of flesh and blood; and, since I saw thee,
The affliction of my mind amends, with which,
I fear, a madness held me: this must crave,
An if this be at all a most strange story.
Thy dukedom I resign and do entreat
Thou pardon me my wrongs. But how should Prospero

On the bat's back I do fly.

— Act V. Scene 1.

Be living and be here?

Pros. First, noble friend,
Let me embrace thine age, whose honor cannot
Be measured or confined.

Gon. Whether this be
Or be not, I 'll not swear.

Pros. You do yet taste
Some subtilties o' the isle, that will not let you
Believe things certain. Welcome, my friends all!
[*Aside to Seb. and Ant.*] But you, my brace of lords, were I so minded,
I here could pluck his highness' frown upon you
And justify you traitors: at this time
I will tell no tales.

Seb. [*Aside*] The devil speaks in him.

Pros. No.
For you, most wicked sir, whom to call brother
Would even infect my mouth, I do forgive
Thy rankest fault; all of them; and require
My dukedom of thee, which perforce, I know,
Thou must restore.

Alon. If thou be'st Prospero,
Give us particulars of thy preservation;
How thou hast met us here, who three hours since
Were wrecked upon this shore; where I have lost —
How sharp the point of this remembrance is! —
My dear son Ferdinand.

Pros. I am woe for 't, sir.

Alon. Irreparable is the loss, and patience
Says it is past her cure.

Pros. I rather think

You have not sought her help, of whose soft grace
For the like loss I have her sovereign aid
And rest myself content.
Alon. You the like loss!
Pros. As great to me as late; and, supportable
To make the dear loss, have I means much weaker
Than you may call to comfort you, for I
Have lost my daughter.
Alon. A daughter?
O heavens, that they were living both in Naples,
The king and queen there! that they were, I wish
Myself were mudded in that oozy bed
Where my son lies. When did you lose your daughter?
Pros. In this last tempest. I perceive, these lords
At this encounter do so much admire
That they devour their reason and scarce think
Their eyes do offices of truth, their words
Are natural breath: but, howso'er you have
Been justled from your senses, know for certain
That I am Prospero and that very duke
Which was thrust forth of Milan, who most strangely
Upon this shore, where you were wrecked, was landed,
To be the lord on 't. No more yet of this;
For 't is a chronicle of day by day,
Not a relation for a breakfast nor
Befitting this first meeting. Welcome, sir;
This cell 's my court: here have I few attendants
And subjects none abroad: pray you, look in.
My dukedom since you have given me again,
I will requite you with as good a thing;
At least bring forth a wonder, to content ye

Know for certain
That I am Prospero and that very duke
Which was thrust forth of Milan.

— Act V. Scene 1.

As much as me my dukedom.

Here PROSPERO *discovers* FERDINAND *and* MIRANDA *playing at chess.*

Mir. Sweet lord, you play me false.
Fer. No, my dear'st love,
I would not for the world.
Mir. Yes, for a score of kingdoms you should wrangle,
And I would call it fair play.
Alon. If this prove
A vision of the island, one dear son
Shall I twice lose.
Seb. A most high miracle!
Fer. Though the seas threaten, they are merciful;
I have cursed them without cause. [*Kneels.*
Alon. Now all the blessings
Of a glad father compass thee about!
Arise, and say how thou cam'st here.
Mir. O, wonder!
How many goodly creatures are there here!
How beauteous mankind is! O brave new world,
That has such people in 't!
Pros. 'T is new to thee.
Alon. What is this maid with whom thou wast at play?
Your eld'st acquaintance cannot be three hours:
Is she the goddess that hath severed us,
And brought us thus together?
Fer. Sir, she is mortal;
But by immortal Providence she 's mine:
I chose her when I could not ask my father
For his advice, nor thought I had one. She

Is daughter to this famous Duke of Milan,
Of whom so often I have heard renown,
But never saw before; of whom I have
Received a second life; and second father
This lady makes him to me.
Alon. I am hers:
But, O, how oddly will it sound that I
Must ask my child forgiveness!
Pros. There, sir, stop:
Let us not burthen our remembrance with
A heaviness that 's gone.
Gon. I have inly wept,
Or should have spoke ere this. Look down, you gods,
And on this couple drop a blessed crown!
For it is you that have chalked forth the way
Which brought us hither.
Alon. I say Amen, Gonzalo!
Gon. Was Milan thrust from Milan, that his issue
Should become kings of Naples? O, rejoice
Beyond a common joy, and set it down
With gold on lasting pillars: In one voyage
Did Claribel her husband find at Tunis
And Ferdinand, her brother, found a wife
Where he himself was lost, Prospero his dukedom
In a poor isle and all of us ourselves
When no man was his own.
Alon. [*To Fer. and Mir.*] Give me your hands:
Let grief and sorrow still embrace his heart
That doth not wish you joy!
Gon. Be it so! Amen!

Reënter ARIEL, *with the* Master and Boatswain *amazedly following.*

O, look, sir, look, sir! here is more of us:
I prophesied, if a gallows were on land,
This fellow could not drown. Now, blasphemy,
That swear'st grace o'erboard, not an oath on shore?
Hast thou no mouth by land? What is the news?
Boats. The best news is, that we have safely found
Our king and company; the next, our ship —
Which, but three glasses since, we gave out split —
Is tight and yare and bravely rigged as when
We first put out to sea.
Ari. [*Aside to Pros.*] Sir, all this service
Have I done since I went.
Pros. [*Aside to Ari.*] My tricksy spirit!
Alon. These are not natural events; they strengthen
From strange to stranger. Say, how came you hither?
Boats. If I did think, sir, I were well awake,
I 'ld strive to tell you. We were dead of sleep,
And — how we know not — all clapped under hatches;
Where but even now with strange and several noises
Of roaring, shrieking, howling, jingling chains,
And more diversity of sounds, all horrible,
We were awaked; straightway, at liberty;
Where we, in all her trim, freshly beheld
Our royal, good and gallant ship, our master
Capering to eye her: on a trice, so please you,
Even in a dream, were we divided from them
And were brought moping hither.
Ari. [*Aside to Pros.*] Was 't well done?

Pros. [*Aside to Ari.*] Bravely, my diligence. Thou shalt be free.

Alon. This is as strange a maze as e'er men trod;
And there is in this business more than nature
Was ever conduct of: some oracle
Must rectify our knowledge.

Pros. Sir, my liege,
Do not infest your mind with beating on
The strangeness of this business; at picked leisure
Which shall be shortly, single I 'll resolve you,
Which to you shall seem probable, of every
These happened accidents; till when, be cheerful
And think of each thing well. [*Aside to Ari.*] Come hither, spirit:
Set Caliban and his companions free;
Untie the spell. [*Exit Ariel.*] How fares my gracious sir?
There are yet missing of your company
Some few odd lads that you remember not.

Reënter ARIEL, *driving in* CALIBAN, STEPHANO, *and* TRINCULO, *in their stolen apparel.*

Ste. Every man shift for all the rest, and let no man take care for himself; for all is but fortune. Coragio, bully-monster, coragio!

Trin. If these be true spies which I wear in my head, here 's a goodly sight.

Cal. O Setebos, these be brave spirits indeed!
How fine my master is! I am afraid
He will chastise me.

Seb. Ha, ha!

What things are these, my lord Antonio?
Will money buy 'em?
Ant. Very like; one of them
Is a plain fish, and, no doubt, marketable.
Pros. Mark but the badges of these men, my lords,
Then say if they be true. This mis-shapen knave,
His mother was a witch, and one so strong
That could control the moon, make flows and ebbs,
And deal in her command without her power.
These three have robbed me; and this demi-devil —
For he 's a bastard one — had plotted with them
To take my life. Two of these fellows you
Must know and own; this thing of darkness I
Acknowledge mine.
Cal. I shall be pinched to death.
Alon. Is not this Stephano, my drunken butler?
Seb. He is drunk now: where had he wine?
Alon. And Trinculo is reeling ripe: where should they
Find this grand liquor that hath gilded 'em?
How camest thou in this pickle?
Trin. I have been in such a pickle since I saw you last that, I fear me, will never out of my bones: I shall not fear fly-blowing.
Seb. Why, how now, Stephano!
Ste. O, touch me not; I am not Stephano, but a cramp.
Pros. You 'ld be king o' the isle, sirrah?
Ste. I should have been a sore one then.
Alon. This is a strange thing as e'er I looked on.
[*Pointing to Caliban.*
Pros. He is as disproportioned in his manners
As in his shape. Go, sirrah, to my cell;

Take with you your companions; as you look
To have my pardon, trim it handsomely.
Cal. Ay, that I will; and I 'll be wise hereafter
And seek for grace. What a thrice-double ass
Was I, to take this drunkard for a god
And worship this dull fool!
Pros. Go to; away!
Alon. Hence, and bestow your luggage where you found it.
Seb. Or stole it, rather.
[*Exeunt Cal., Ste., and Trin.*
Pros. Sir, I invite your highness and your train
To my poor cell, where you shall take your rest
For this one night; which, part of it, I 'll waste
With such discourse as, I not doubt, shall make it
Go quick away; the story of my life
And the particular accidents gone by
Since I came to this isle: and in the morn
I 'll bring you to your ship and so to Naples,
Where I have hope to see the nuptial
Of these our dear-beloved solemnized;
And thence retire me to my Milan, where
Every third thought shall be my grave.
Alon. I long
To hear the story of your life, which must
Take the ear strangely.
Pros. I 'll deliver all;
And promise you calm seas, auspicious gales
And sail so expeditious that shall catch
Your royal fleet far off. [*Aside to Ari.*] My Ariel, chick,

That is thy charge: then to the elements
Be free, and fare thou well! Please you, draw near.
[*Exeunt.*

Epilogue.

SPOKEN BY PROSPERO.

Now my charms are all o'erthrown,
And what strength I have 's mine own,
Which is most faint: now, 't is true,
I must be here confined by you,
Or sent to Naples. Let me not,
Since I have my dukedom got
And pardoned the deceiver, dwell
In this bare island by your spell;
But release me from my bands
With the help of your good hands:
Gentle breath of yours my sails
Must fill, or else my project fails,
Which was to please. Now I want
Spirits to enforce, art to enchant,
And my ending is despair,
Unless I be relieved by prayer,
Which pierces so that it assaults
Mercy itself and frees all faults.
As you from crimes would pardoned be,
Let your indulgence set me free.

APPENDIX

THE WRITING AND PUBLICATION OF "THE TEMPEST"

"The Tempest," if not the last of Shakespeare's plays, is certainly one of the last. It was written in all probability about 1610. At this time Shakespeare had been writing and producing plays for twenty years.

The play is thought by many to have been one of a group performed at the wedding festivities of the Elector Palatinate and the daughter of the English king. Some have held the theory that the play was written especially for this occasion. The Masque in Act IV would suggest that it might have been written for some wedding. The wedding of the English princess did not take place, however, until 1613, and most careful students are convinced that "The Tempest" had appeared some time before that date.

The play was printed in 1623, in the collection of Shakespeare's plays made at that time known as the *First Folio*. In this collection "The Tempest" has the distinction of being the opening play. Whether it had appeared in print before that time we have no way of knowing.

SOURCES OF THE PLOT

"The Tempest" differs in several respects from most other plays of Shakespeare. For one thing we do not know the source of the plot. Students who have read "Julius Cæsar" will no doubt recall that Shakespeare received many suggestions from Plutarch's *Lives*. Those who have studied "The Merchant of Venice" will remember that the stories that lie at the foundation of that play may be found in the *Gesta Romanorum*. It is true that scholars who are fond of research in the sources of plots have succeeded in building up ingenious theories as to the probable sources of inspiration for this play also. The theory most often accepted has been that the plot of "The Tempest" was in many respects taken from *Die Schöne Sidea*, a commonplace comedy, written by an obscure notary of Nürnberg, who died in 1605.

This theory, never substantiated, would find little favor at present. In commenting on the various fancied points of similarity in the two plays, Furness says: "If once we adopt such fragmentary, insignificant incidents as the source of 'The Tempest,' we might as well extend the scope and admit as one of the originals of Ferdinand's log-bearing task the nursery-rhyme behest of 'Five, six, pick up sticks; seven, eight, lay them straight!'"

Let us, then, subscribe to the theory that the plot of "The Tempest" originated with Shakespeare. While the plot is probably original, there are numerous traces of borrowing of detail. The poet shows acquaintance with the published tales of travelers and with stories told by returned seamen. He also drew on Ovid and Montaigne.

DURATION OF THE PLAY

A second respect in which "The Tempest" differs from other plays of Shakespeare is that in this play the "unities of time and place" are observed. As many students know, the rules of the Greek stage required that the action should take place in one locality and that it should not cover a period of more than twenty-four hours. The classical French drama strictly observes these unities. Shakespeare, on the other hand, serenely disregards these unities. "The Tempest" is a distinct exception.

COMMENTS UPON THE CHARACTERS

The characters in "The Tempest" represent types rather than individuals. The student will find it interesting to decide for himself just what he thinks each character is supposed to typify.

Some comments on the various characters are quoted below. The quotations were chosen primarily to provoke discussion. See what justification you can offer for each point of view. If you think any wholly wrong, be prepared to give your reasons, reinforced by accurate references to the text. Are you prepared to accept any one of the analyses unreservedly? If not, write your own analysis of that character.

Prospero

Prospero, with his magical powers, his superhuman wisdom, his moral worth and grandeur, and his kingly dignity, is one of the most sublime visions that ever swept with ample robes, pale brow, and sceptred hand,

before the eye of fancy. He controls the invisible world, and works through the agency of spirits; not by any evil and forbidden compact, but solely by superior might of intellect — by potent spells gathered from the lore of ages, and abjured when he mingles again as a man with his fellow-men. . . . All the wizards of poetry and fiction, even Faust and St. Leon, sink into commonplaces before the princely, the philosophic, the benevolent Prospero.

— Mrs. Jameson, "Characteristics of Women."

But with all our admiration of and sympathy for the illustrious magician, we perforce must acknowledge Prospero to be of a revengeful nature. He has not the true social wisdom; and he only learns Christian wisdom from his servant Ariel. By nature he is a selfish aristocrat. . . . When master of the Magic Island he is stern and domineering, lording it over his sprite-subjects and ruling them with a wand of rigor. He comes there, and takes possession of the territory with all the coolness of a usurper; he assumes despotic sway, and stops only short of absolute unmitigated tyranny. His only point of tender human feeling is his daughter; and his only point of genial sympathy is with the dainty being Ariel.

— Charles Cowden-Clarke, "Shakespeare Characters."

Caliban

He (Caliban) has all the discontents and malice of a Witch, and of a Devil; besides a convenient proportion of the deadly sins; Gluttony, Sloth, and Lust are manifest; the dejectedness of a slave is likewise given him,

and the ignorance of one bred up in a Desert Island. His person is monstrous, as he is the product of unnatural lust; and his language is as hobgoblin as his person; in all things he is distinguished from other mortals.

— Dryden.

The character of Caliban is wonderfully conceived; he is a sort of creature of the earth, as Ariel is a sort of creature of the air. He partakes of the qualities of the brute, but is distinguished from brutes in two ways: — by having mere understanding without moral reason; and by not having the instincts which pertain to absolute animals. Still, Caliban is in some respects a noble being: the poet has raised him far above contempt; he is a man in the sense of the imagination; all the images he uses are drawn from Nature and are highly poetical; they fit in with the images of Ariel. Caliban gives us images from the earth, Ariel images from the air. Caliban talks of the difficulty of finding fresh water, of the situation of morasses, and of other circumstances which even brute instinct, without reason, could comprehend. No mean figure is employed, no mean passion displayed beyond animal passion and repugnance to command.

— Coleridge.

Miranda

"It is with men rather than women that Miranda is so great a favorite. Few women can understand her, and fewer still believe in her. And why?"

"Miranda is beautiful, modest, and tender; and she is these only."

Do you think that there is truth in these statements?

Compare Miranda with the young lady of the mid-Victorian era.

Would you call Miranda distinctively feminine? Justify your answer.

Does she resemble the so-called "modern girl"?

Was she a "perfect lady"?

FAMILIAR PASSAGES IN "THE TEMPEST"

Had you heard any of these before you studied the play?

Did they make an impression on you when you read them?

Can you remember who said each of them, and the circumstances under which they were said?

1. Here is everything advantageous to life.
   True; save means to live.
2. Misery acquaints a man with strange bed-fellows.
3. He that dies pays all debts.
4. I would fain die a dry death.
5. A kind
   Of excellent dumb discourse.
6. We are such stuff
   As dreams are made of; and our little life
   Is rounded with a sleep.
7. A very ancient and fish-like smell.
8. Now would I give a thousand furlongs of sea for an acre of barren ground.
9. What seest thou else
   In the dark backward and abysm of time?

10. Like one
Who having into truth, by telling of it,
Made such a sinner of his memory,
To credit his own lie.

11. There 's nothing ill can dwell in such a temple:
If the ill spirit have so fair a house,
Good things will strive to dwell with 't.

The three little songs of Ariel are very familiar. If you have liked them, learn them.

1.

Come unto these yellow sands,
And then take hands:
Court'sied when you have, and kiss'd, —
The wild waves whist, —
Foot it featly here and there;
And, sweet sprites, the burthen bear.
Hark, hark!
Bow, wow,
The watch-dogs bark:
Bow, wow.
Hark, hark! I hear
The strain of strutting chanticleer
Cry, Cock-a-diddle-dow!

2.

Where the bee sucks, there suck I:
In a cowslip's bell I lie;
There I couch when owls do cry.
On the bat's back I do fly

After summer merrily:
Merrily, merrily, shall I live now,
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

3.

Full fathom five thy father lies;
Of his bones are coral made;
Those are pearls that were his eyes:
Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange.
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell:
Ding-dong.
Hark! now I hear them —
Ding-dong, bell!

WHAT WE KNOW ABOUT SHAKESPEARE

The facts that we know with absolute certainty about William Shakespeare can be given in a few meagre paragraphs. Some bare, prosaic records in Stratford and in the Stationers' Register in London, a few signatures, a will, a deed or two, an application for a coat-of-arms, an occasional mention of his name in court proceedings, in lists of actors, and in the works of fellow authors, — this is about all we have as the basis for a life of one of the greatest men that the world has produced. Traditions and quaint fanciful stories exist, as we might expect, in infinite number and variety. Many of these date back to the poet's own time, and therefore may have in them at least an element of truth. By far the greater number, however, gained popularity nearly a century after his death, when the curiosity of an age intensely interested in the drama began to look back and talk about the most marvellous of all the makers of plays. Few of these later traditions can be relied upon. Yet from the few scrappy facts that we have, supplemented by the earlier legends, and above all by a study of the plays themselves, it is possible to make a story of the poet's life, which, though by no means complete, is full enough to give us a fairly clear understanding of his growth in fame and business prosperity, and his development as a dramatist.

Few facts known about Shakespeare.

It is not strange that we know so little about Shakespeare. His age was not one of biographical writing. To-day a man of not one tenth part of his genius is besought by reporters for interviews concerning his life;

he is persuaded by admiring friends to write his memoirs; as his end approaches, every important newspaper in the land has an article of several columns ready to print the instant that word of his death comes over the wire. Three hundred and fifty years ago nothing of this kind was possible. Newspapers and magazines, genealogies and contemporary history did not exist. Encyclopædias, dictionaries of names, directories, "blue-books," and volumes of "Who's Who" had not been dreamed of. Personal correspondence was meagre, and what few letters were written seldom were preserved. Above all, a taste for reading the lives of men had not been formed. In fact, it was not until fifty years after Shakespeare's time that the art of biographical writing in England was really born. When we remember, in addition to these facts, that actors and playwrights then held a distinctly inferior position in society, and by the growing body of Puritans were looked upon with contempt and extreme disfavor, it is not surprising that no special heed was paid to the life of Shakespeare. On the contrary, it is astonishing that we know as much as we do about him, — fully as much as we know about most of the writers of his time, and even of many who lived much later.

Why we know so little about Shakespeare.

In the records of the 16th century there are numerous references to Shakespeares living in the midland counties of England, especially in Warwickshire. For the most part, they seem to have been substantial yeomen and plain farmers of sound practical sense rather than men of learning or culture. Some of them owned land and prospered. Such a one was John Shakespeare, who moved to Strat-

The poet's father, John Shakespeare.

ford-on-Avon about 1550 and became a dealer in malt and corn, meat, wool, and leather. He is referred to sometimes as a glover and a butcher. Probably he was both, and dealt besides in all the staples that farmers about the village produced and brought to market to sell. The fact that he could not write, which was nothing unusual among men of his station in the 16th century, did not prevent his prospering in business. For more than twenty years after the earliest mention of his name in the Stratford records, he is spoken of frequently and always in a way to show us that his financial standing in the community was steadily increasing. He seems also to have been a man of affairs. From one office to another he rose until in 1568 he held the position of High Bailiff, or Mayor of Stratford. Eleven years earlier his fortunes had been increased by his marriage to Mary Arden, the daughter of a prosperous farmer of the neighboring village of Wilmcote, who bequeathed to his daughter a house, with fifty acres of land, and a considerable sum of money. It is not fair, therefore, to speak of the father of William Shakespeare, as some have done, as "an uneducated peasant," or as "a provincial shopkeeper." At the time of the birth of his illustrious son he was one of the most prominent men in Stratford, decidedly well-to-do, respected and trusted by all.

The year before John Shakespeare brought his bride from Wilmcote to Stratford-on-Avon, he had purchased a house in Henley Street, and there he and his wife were living when their children were born. It was a cottage two stories high, with dormer windows, and of timber and plaster construction. Though frequently repaired and built over during the three hundred and fifty years that

The house in which Shakespeare was born.

have passed, it still remains in general appearance much the same as it looked in 1556. Simple, crude, plain, — it is nevertheless the most famous house in England, if not in the world. Noted men and women from all parts of the earth have visited Stratford to see it. Essays, stories, and poems have been written about it. Preserved in the care of the Memorial Society, it is the shrine of the literary pilgrim and the Mecca of tourists who flock during the summer to the quaint old village on the Avon. For here, in a small bare room on the second floor, William Shakespeare was born.

How little we know of Shakespeare, compared with even a minor poet of the 19th century, is shown by the fact that we are not certain of the exact date on which the greatest of all poets was born. The records of Holy Trinity Church in Stratford show that the child was baptized on April 26, 1564, and since it was the custom at that time for the baptism of children to take place on the third day after birth, it has been generally agreed that William was born on April 23, and that date is celebrated as his birthday. Tradition tells us, and probably truthfully, that it was also on this date, April 23, in 1616, that he died.

Date of the poet's birth, April 23, 1564.

Of the poet's boyhood we know next to nothing. It is a mistake, however, to assume that he lacked educational opportunities. There was in Stratford an excellent free Grammar School such as a bailiff's son would attend, and to which it is reasonable to suppose that the boy was sent. Here he studied chiefly Latin, for education then in England consisted almost entirely of the classics, especially Vergil, Ovid, Horace, and the comedies

Shakespeare's boyhood and schooling, 1571–1577.

SHAKESPEARE'S HOUSE AT STRATFORD-ON-AVON

THE ROOM WHERE SHAKESPEARE WAS BORN

of Plautus and Terence. The comment of Ben Jonson, his fellow dramatist of later years, that Shakespeare had "small Latin and less Greek," should not be taken too literally. Compared with the profound scholarship of a college-trained man like Jonson, the Stratford boy had, to be sure, but little knowledge of the classics. Yet there is every evidence to show that he understood both Latin and French pretty well, and that he knew the Bible thoroughly. It is clear, too, that by nature he was a boy of remarkable powers of observation and keenly retentive memory, who used every opportunity about him for acquiring information and ideas. Whether he went to school or not would have made but little difference to one whose mind possessed rare powers of developing and training itself. Like Burns and Lincoln, he was educated more by people and the world of Nature about him than by books and formal teaching.

Five years in Stratford after leaving school, 1577–1582.

Ordinarily a boy of the 16th century would remain at the Grammar School from seven to fourteen, but there is a well-founded tradition that Shakespeare left in 1577, when he was thirteen years old, and never attended school again. About this time the records show that his father's financial difficulties began. Another pair of hands was needed at home to help in the support of the family, and William was the oldest son. Just how he was occupied, however, between his fourteenth and eighteenth years we cannot say. Probably he assisted his father in his declining business. One of the bits of Stratford gossip, collected by the antiquarian Aubrey, states that he was "in his younger years a school-master in the country," and another tells us that "when he was a boy he exercised his father's

trade. When he killed a calf, he would doe it in a high style and make a speech." It may be, as another reference seems to imply, that he was employed in the office of a lawyer. But we must not put too much confidence in these traditions, which, like all stories passed on by word of mouth, grew and changed as the years went by. As much as we should like to know of his employment, his reading, and all the circumstances that were developing his mind and character during these five important years, we must remember that "there is no reason why anything should have been recorded; he was an obscure boy living in an inland village, before the age of newspapers, and out of relation with people of fashion and culture. During this period as little is known of him as is known of Cromwell during the same period; as little, but no less. This fact gives no occasion either for surprise or scepticism as to his marvellous genius; it was an entirely normal fact concerning boys growing up in unliterary times and in rural communities."[1]

His marriage to Anne Hathaway, 1582.

The first really authentic record we have of Shakespeare after his school days is that of the baptism of his daughter Susanna, on May 26, 1583. The previous year, when only eighteen, he had married Anne Hathaway, the daughter of a farmer in the neighboring village of Shottery. This picturesque hamlet was reached then from Stratford, as it is today, by a delightful foot-path through the wide and fertile fields of Warwickshire. Perhaps no other spot connected with the poet's life, except the house in which he was born, is dearer to people's hearts than the quaint old thatched-

[1] H. W. Mabie: "William Shakespeare, Poet, Dramatist, and Man," page 51.

ANNE HATHAWAY'S COTTAGE AT SHOTTERY

INTERIOR OF ANNE HATHAWAY'S COTTAGE

roof building known as "Anne Hathaway's cottage"; for it still stands, at least in part, as it was when the "youthful lover went courting through the meadows, past the 'bank where the wild thyme blows,' to Shottery." Two years after the birth of Susanna, in February, 1585, twins were born, and soon after the youthful husband and father left his native town to seek his fortunes in London.

Reasons for leaving Stratford: the poaching tradition.

It would be most interesting to know when and how and just why Shakespeare left Stratford, but no documents have been found that throw any certain light upon this portion of his life. It has generally been assumed that he found his way to the metropolis soon after the birth of his twins. Probably he walked by the highway through Oxford and Wycombe, or if he rode it was on horseback, purchasing a saddle-horse at the beginning of his journey, as was the custom then, and selling it upon his arrival in the city. There is an old tradition that, with other young men of the village, he had been involved in a poaching escapade upon the estate of Sir Thomas Lucy. In the first regular biography of Shakespeare written by Nicholas Rowe in 1709, nearly a hundred years after the poet's death, the story of this adventure is given as an actual fact. "He had, by a misfortune common enough among young fellows, fallen into ill company, and among them some that made a frequent practice of deer-stealing, engaged him with them more than once in robbing a park that belonged to Sir Thomas Lucy of Charlecote, near Stratford. For this he was prosecuted by that gentleman, as he thought, somewhat too severely; and, in order to revenge that ill-usage, he made a ballad upon him, and though this, probably the first essay of his poetry, be lost,

yet it is said to have been so very bitter that it redoubled the prosecution against him to that degree that he was obliged to leave his business and family in Warwickshire and shelter himself in London." No trace of this ballad has been found; indeed, the whole story rests on gossip, and must not be taken too literally. It is supported, in a way, by the fact that Justice Shallow in "The Merry Wives of Windsor" is unquestionably a humorous sketch, or caricature, of Sir Thomas Lucy of Charlecote Hall, thus suggesting that whether he had been prosecuted and harried out of town by his wealthy neighbor or not, the youthful poet had some personal reasons for ridiculing the head of the Lucy family.

Still another account explains Shakespeare's departure from Stratford by stating that he joined a company of strolling players. Though this may possibly have been the means of his finding congenial travelling companions, it seems more natural to suppose that he left his native village much as a boy to-day leaves a remote country town and goes to the city to seek his fortune. His father's affairs, we know, had been steadily declining; his own family was growing; business in many trades through the midland counties was poor; any ambitious and high-spirited youth would have become restless and discontented. What was more natural, under these circumstances, than the breaking of home-ties and moving to London for its larger opportunities?

Stratford too narrow a field for Shakespeare.

The traditions that Shakespeare, upon his arrival in the capital about 1587, was employed in a printer's shop and a lawyer's office, are extremely doubtful. It seems much more likely that he became connected with the

theatre at once, either as a call-boy in the building itself, or as one of those who held the horses on which gallants of the city rode to the play-house. That he should have turned to the theatre rather than to business to get a foothold in London is not strange. Companies of players had frequently visited Stratford in his boyhood. Indeed, the people of his native town seem to have been exceptionally fond of the drama, a fact, as Mr. Mabie has pointed out, "of very obvious bearing on the education of Shakespeare's imagination and the bent of his mind toward a vocation." As a lad of eleven he probably saw the pageant at Kenilworth Castle, in honor of Queen Elizabeth's visit to the Earl of Leicester. The processions and gorgeous costumes of this occasion, the tableaux and scenes set forth by the actors from the city must have made a profound impression on the mind of the imaginative boy. Moreover, it was a time of widespread interest in everything dramatic. When Shakespeare was born in 1564, there was not a single building in London devoted to the presentation of plays. At the time of his death, fifty-two years later, there were at least nine. The development of the drama from simple morality plays and historical pageants given in tavern-yards and on village greens, to "Julius Caesar" and "Hamlet," covered the period of the poet's youth; so that when he arrived in London, more than ever before or since in English history, the theatre was of compelling interest and attraction.

Shakespeare's first connection with the London theatres.

The six years after his arrival in London are a blank. We must imagine him rapidly rising through various positions at the Rose or the Curtain, for a young man of his genius and enterprise would not long remain obscure.

It is certain that he became an actor before he wrote for the stage. By 1592, however, he had evidently earned sufficient fame as a playwright to stir the jealousy of Robert Greene, a rival author, who in that year refers bitterly to him as "in his owne conceit the only *Shakes-scene* in a countrie," and then parodies a line from an early play that is attributed to Shakespeare. While as an actor he was learning stagecraft in the best possible school, he was undoubtedly trying his prentice hand by mending old plays and contributing bits to the work of his older companions. These earliest dramatic writings may have been numerous, but they are either entirely lost or hidden in plays credited to other men. His progress from a clerk in a country store to a writer of drama is thus admirably described by Sidney Lee: "A young man of two-and-twenty, burdened with a wife and children, he had left his home in the little country town of Stratford-on-Avon in 1586 to seek his fortune in London. Without friends, without money, he had, like any other stage-struck youth, set his heart on becoming an actor in the metropolis. Fortune favoured him. He sought and won the humble office of call-boy in a London playhouse; but no sooner had his foot touched the lowest rung of the theatrical ladder than his genius taught him that the topmost rung was within his reach. He tried his hand on the revision of an old play, and the manager was not slow to recognize an unmatched gift for dramatic writing.[1]

His earliest work as actor and playwright.

It was not until 1593, when Shakespeare was twenty-nine, that he appeared openly in the field of authorship. On April 18 of that year his long poem "Venus and

[1] Sidney Lee: "Shakespeare and the Elizabethan Playgoer," page 32.

Adonis" was entered at Stationers' Hall for publication. It was printed by Richard Field, a Stratford man who had come to London somewhat earlier than the poet, and though published without a name on the title-page, the dedication to the Earl of Southampton was signed "William Shakespeare." The same is true of "Lucrece," which was registered in May of 1594. These two long poems must have had wide popularity, for they are often praised by critics of the day, and in the poet's own lifetime several editions of both were issued. They were the means by which Shakespeare became known as an author, for though some of his dramatic work may have been printed before this, plays were not regarded then as literature to be read, whereas these poems were issued under the poet's supervision for the reading public, and were thus "the first fruits of his conscious artistic life."

The first books published under his name.

Both as actor and playwright, Shakespeare's fame rapidly increased after 1594; in fact, the eight years that followed saw him rise to the height of his powers. His name stands first on the list of "principal Comedians" who acted Jonson's "Every Man in his Humour" in 1598. Francis Meres in his "Palladis Tamia," published in the same year, speaks of the "mellifluous and honey-tongued Shakespeare," and then proceeds to name twelve of his plays and compare him favorably with the Roman dramatists Seneca and Plautus. Even if this list is incomplete we see that already before 1598 he had written three of his most charming comedies, one of them "The Merchant of Venice," and at least one of the tragedies that ranks among his very greatest. From then until his retirement

Progress in fame and fortune.

to Stratford fourteen years later, there are frequent references to his plays which appeared with astonishing rapidity. The dates when they were written and first acted are often uncertain, but before 1612 he had produced more than twenty dramas which together constitute the most marvelous body of literary work that ever came from a human mind.

As an actor he did not continue to excel. If we may trust the sentiments of the sonnets, it is clear that he thoroughly disliked this part of his profession. Probably after 1604 he ceased to appear on the stage altogether. Financially it is certain that he was prosperous. We know, for one thing, that he owned shares in several London theatres, notably the Globe, where many of his own plays were first presented to enthusiastic London audiences. Then his successful application to the College of Heralds in 1599, on behalf of his father, for a grant of coat-of-arms; his purchase of several pieces of property in his native town; the records of lawsuits to recover debts which were owed him; numerous references which show us that he was looked upon as a man of means and standing; his friendship with Ben Jonson and other learned men of his day, — these facts, with the traditions of later generations, all convince us that the author of "Hamlet" and "Macbeth" was a successful man of affairs, as well as one of the most prominent and best-loved dramatists of his time.

Although Shakespeare made London his home after 1584 or 1585, it is probable that he often visited Stratford where his family continued to reside. An old legend states that he frequently put up at the Crown Inn in Oxford on his way to and fro. Documents exist, moreover, which

Holy Trinity Parish Church, Stratford-on-Avon

GOOD FREND FOR IESVS SAKE FORBEARE,
TO DIGG THE DVST ENCLOASED HEARE:
BLESTE BE Y MAN Y SPARES THES STONES,
AND CVRST BE HE Y MOVES MY BONES.

Inscription on Shakespeare's Tomb

IVDICIO PYLIVM GENIO SOCRATEM ARTE MARONEM
TERRA TEGIT POPVLVS MAERET OLYMPVS HABET

STAY PASSENGER WHY GOEST THOV BY SO FAST,
READ IF THOV CANST WHOM ENVIOVS DEATH HATH PLAST
WITH IN THIS MONVMENT SHAKSPEARE: WITH WHOME
QVICK NATVRE DIDE WHOSE NAME DOTH DECK Y TOMBE
FAR MORE THEN COST: SIEH ALL Y HE HATH WRITT
LEAVES LIVING ART BVT PAGE TO SERVE HIS WITT.

OBIIT ANO DO 1616
ÆTATIS 53 DIE 23 APR

Inscription on Shakespeare's Monument, Trinity Church, Stratford-on-Avon

show that he was constantly investing money in real estate in his native village, to which he seems to have looked forward as a pleasant retreat after the strenuous days of actor, theatre-manager, and playwright were over. Probably the breaking off of London ties was gradual; but it is doubtful whether he was much in the city after 1612, the year in which "Henry VIII," the last of his plays, was written. He now appears in the records as "William Shakespeare, Gent., of Stratford-on-Avon"; and there he lived with his well-won honors, respected and loved, for four years.

Retirement from London, 1612.

In the early spring of 1616, Shakespeare's youngest daughter, Judith, was married. A month later he made his will, and on April 25 the register of Christ Church in Stratford shows that he was buried. According to the lettering on the monument he died on April 23, and that date, the date of his birth fifty-two years before, has been generally accepted as the day of his death. He was buried in the chancel of the fine old church, not far from the spot where he had been christened, and over the place where he lies may still be seen the quaint lines which tradition tells us he himself wrote to be inscribed above him:—

Death in Stratford, April 23, 1616.

> Good Frend for Iesus Sake Forbeare,
> To Digg the Dust Encloased Heare:
> Blest be Ye Man Yt Spares thes Stones,
> And Curst be he Yt Moves My Bones.

Whether the poet wrote these threatening words or not, no sexton has disturbed his remains, and the grave of William Shakespeare in the beautiful church by the river he loved has remained unopened.

One of the problems of Shakespearean scholars for more than a century has been to determine the exact years in which the various plays were written. For just as we have no details of the poet's life, so are the records of his work either extremely meagre or entirely lacking. Not a single manuscript of anything that Shakespeare wrote has been preserved. The fire which burned the Globe theatre to the ground in 1613 may have destroyed the original pages of all the dramas: and yet, interesting and precious as they would be to us to-day, it is doubtful whether we can attribute to their loss our lack of knowledge as to just when each was written. We must remember that in Elizabethan times plays were not considered literature to be read. After they had served their purpose on the stage and passed out of popular favor, they were set aside and wholly neglected. As long as there was the slightest chance of their being in demand at the theatre, the author and companies of actors did their best to keep them out of print altogether, apparently in the belief that attendance at the playhouse would suffer if the drama in book form was in the hands of the people. Moreover, among the most cultivated men of the day, and especially among the growing body of Puritans, there was a strong prejudice against the whole theatrical business. By them, actors were held in low esteem, and plays were looked upon as things of light, or even questionable, character. The modern conception that regards the drama as a high and artistic form of literature had not been born.

Difficulties of determining the dates of the plays.

Under these circumstances it is not surprising that during his own lifetime only sixteen of Shakespeare's thirty-seven plays appeared in print. These editions, which are known to-day as the Quartos, were small, cheaply-made, paper-bound pamphlets usually sold for a sixpence each. It is generally believed that they were issued without the poet's consent, and probably even against his wishes. Several of them were undoubtedly printed from shorthand notes taken slyly at a performance in the theatre. Others may have been set up from the soiled and tattered copies of a needy actor who had been secretly bribed to part with them. The confusion and strange blunders in the text show us that these Quartos were the careless and hasty work of piratical printers; indeed, it is almost certain that Shakespeare himself did not revise or in any way prepare a single one of them for the press.

The Quarto editions of the plays.

Inexact and inadequate as are the pirated Quarto editions, they would probably be the only plays of Shakespeare known to us to-day had it not been for a remarkable book that appeared seven years after his death. In 1623 two of the poet's friends put forth in a single volume his complete dramatic works. These men, John Heminge and Henry Condell, — names which are forever linked with Shakespeare's, — were actors in the same company with him, and, with Burbage, were joint owners of the Globe Theatre. The great dramatist, as a token of lifelong friendship, in his will bequeathed to them and to Burbage the sum of twenty-six shillings and eight pence to buy rings; and they in turn collected and edited his plays "to keepe the memory of so worthy a friend and fellow

The First Folio edition of the plays.

alive." It is a large volume of 901 pages in two columns of fine print, and on the title-page, besides a crude engraving of the poet, are these words:

Mr. William
SHAKESPEARES
COMEDIES,
HISTORIES, &
TRAGEDIES

Published according to the True Original Copies.

LONDON
Printed by Isaac Iaggard, and Ed. Blount. 1623.

This is perhaps the most important volume in the whole range of English literature, for in it appeared for the first time in print twenty of Shakespeare's plays, among them "The Tempest," "Twelfth Night," "Julius Caesar," "Macbeth," "Cymbeline," and others of the dramatist's masterpieces. Heminge and Condell had access to stage copies of these plays which in another generation might have been lost or destroyed by fire; so that their work, coming when it did, saved for us a large portion of the finest poetry and deepest wisdom of Shakespeare's mind. It is no wonder that the 156 extant copies of this notable book are preserved as priceless treasures; for no other single volume ever did a greater service to literature than this Folio of 1623.

Although Heminge and Condell must have known in many cases the exact years in which Shakespeare was at work upon his various plays, they did not consider such

information of sufficient interest to include it in their edition. Well might we spare some of the tiresome eulogies, which they printed in their preface, for a page or two of facts that they so easily might have included. As it stands, however, the First Folio helps but little in arranging the chronology of the comedies and tragedies. And yet, in spite of all difficulties, by painstaking research scholars have come to a pretty general agreement upon the dates of composition of most of the plays. The evidence which they have used may be divided into two kinds, external and internal, — that is, evidence found outside of the plays, and evidence found within the works themselves. External evidence consists of such information as has been obtained from records of performances in diaries and letters; quotations and allusions in other books; entries in the register of the Stationers' Company, which for nearly three hundred years regulated the publication of all books in England; records of the Master of Revels at Court, and of course the dates on the title-pages of the Quartos themselves. A good illustration of this sort of evidence is the journal of a certain Dr. Simon Forman, in which he mentions the fact that in 1610 and 1611 he witnessed performances of "Macbeth," "Cymbeline," and "The Winter's Tale" at the Globe. Another is the celebrated passage in the "Palladis Tamia," or "Wit's Treasury," of Francis Meres, which was published in 1598: "As *Plautus* and *Seneca* are accounted the best for Comedy and Tragedy among the Latines, so *Shakespeare* among y^e^ English is the most excellent in both kinds for the stage; for Comedy, witness his *Gētlemē of Verona*, his *Errors*, his *Love labors lost*, his *Love*

Dates of composition: external evidence.

labours wonne, his *Midsummers night dreame*, & his *Merchant of Venice:* for Tragedy, his *Richard the 2*, *Richard the 3*, *Henry the 4*, *King John*, *Titus Andronicus*, and his *Romeo* and *Iuliet*." Such references as these give a definite year, later than which the plays referred to could not have been written. With a starting point thus settled, it is often possible to work backward and fix definitely the date of composition.

Dates of composition: internal evidence.

Internal evidence, though seldom as exact as external, and therefore more difficult to interpret, is much more abundant. It may be nothing more than a reference in the mouth of an actor to events or books the dates of which are known, such as the words in the Prologue to "Henry V" that refer to the expedition of the Earl of Essex to Ireland in 1599. More often it deals with considerations of the metre, language, and form of the work itself. By studying such matters as classical allusions, the use of Latin words, kinds of figures of speech, puns, variations of verse and prose, and many other changing peculiarities of the poet's method, scholars have been able to trace the development of Shakespeare as a writer, and thus assign many of his plays to their probable year on no other evidence than their style. For instance, the date of 'Julius Caesar" is generally agreed to be not earlier than 1601 from the poet's use of the word "eternal" in the phrase "the eternal devil." As late as 1600 Shakespeare was using "infernal" in such expressions, but after that year he began to use "eternal," owing probably to the increasing objection among Puritans of London to the use of profanity on the stage. Even such a simple matter as the number of rhyming lines in a play may help to

place it approximately. In "Love's Labour's Lost," the earliest of the comedies, there are 1028 rhymes; whereas in "The Winter's Tale" and "The Tempest," written twenty years later, there are none and two respectively. It is therefore safe to assume that as Shakespeare's style developed he used rhyme less and less, so that tragedies with but few rhyming lines, such as "Antony and Cleopatra" and "Coriolanus," may be assigned, if on no other ground, to the later years of his life. Such matters of structure and style are by no means always certain. They are delicate to handle and require sound judgment and long experience. Yet it is by this sort of internal evidence, rather than by external facts, that the chronology of the plays has been determined.

Probable dates of the plays.

The following table gives the result of research and comparison, of proof and conjecture, on the part of Shakespearean scholars. There still remain, of course, many differences of opinion; some of the dates are less certain than others; a few are almost entirely the result of guesswork. Yet when we consider the meagre data upon which students have built their conclusions, their lack of agreement seems remarkably slight and insignificant.

Plays printed before 1623.

Of the thirty-seven plays in the following table, the sixteen which appeared in Quarto editions during the poet's life were "Titus Andronicus," 1594; "Richard II," "Richard III," and "Romeo and Juliet," 1597; "1 Henry IV" and "Love's Labour's Lost," 1598; "The Merchant of Venice," "Henry V," "Much Ado About Nothing," "2 Henry IV," and "A Midsummer Night's Dream," 1600; "The Merry Wives of Windsor," 1602; "Hamlet,"

CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE OF SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS AND POEMS

Period	Year	Poems	Comedies	Histories	Tragedies
I	1590		Love's Labour's Lost	1 Henry VI	
	1591		Comedy of Errors	2 Henry VI; 3 Henry VI	
	1592		Two Gentlemen of Verona	Richard III	Romeo and Juliet
	1593	Venus and Adonis		King John	Titus Andronicus
II	1594	Lucrece	A Midsummer Night's Dream		
	1595		Taming of the Shrew	Richard II	
	1596		Merchant of Venice		
	1597		Merry Wives of Windsor	1 Henry IV	
	1598		Much Ado About Nothing	2 Henry IV	
	1599	Passionate Pilgrim?	As You Like It	Henry V	
	1600		Twelfth Night		

III	1601	Phoenix and the Turtle?	Troilus and Cressida		Julius Caesar
	1602		All's Well that Ends Well		Hamlet
	1603		Measure for Measure		
	1604				Othello
	1605				King Lear
	1606				Macbeth
	1607				Timon of Athens
	1608	A Lover's Complaint:	Pericles		Antony and Cleopatra
	1609	Sonnets (Printed)			Coriolanus
IV	1610		Cymbeline		
	1611		Winter's Tale; Tempest		
	1612			Henry VIII	

III

1603; "King Lear," 1608; "Troilus and Cressida," and "Pericles," 1609. In addition to these, a Quarto of "Othello" was printed in 1622. The other twenty plays were not published, so far as we know, until 1623, when Heminge and Condell included them in the First Folio.

Periods of Shakespeare's development.

The periods shown in the table are, of course, wholly artificial. Shakespeare himself had no such division of his works in mind, and it is dangerous for us to-day to press very far the suggestion of clearly defined compartments for the plays. The development of the dramatist, like that of any artist, was gradual. Changes in style, in method, in views of life took place not in a single year, but were the result of slowly expanding power and growth of character. In that growth there were no sudden breaks or unaccountable transformations. The mind that created "Hamlet" in 1602 was the same mind that created "Twelfth Night" in 1600, no matter how black the line that separates them into two different periods. Yet a glance at the divisions in the table reveals two or three interesting facts.

The years of experiment, 1590–1593.

When Shakespeare has gained a foothold in the London theatres he first turns his hand to old plays, touching them up, remodelling, and improving. This is his natural work as an apprentice playwright. As he gains confidence and strikes out for himself, he experiments with all the forms of playwriting that then are known. Thus in "Love's Labour's Lost" we find one of the very few works the plot of which is his own invention; in "The Comedy of Errors" and "The Two Gentlemen of Verona" he imitates the Latin comedies of Plautus; in "Richard III" and "King John"

he attempts historical tragedy, and in "Romeo and Juliet" he gives us tragedy, full of romance and passion, drawn from Italy whence so many of his stories of later years are to come. The four years from 1590 to 1593 are evidently years of feeling about, testing himself, and experimenting. Naturally he writes with great rapidity: he is full of enthusiasm and the impetuous rush of youth. All that he does shows signs of a beginner and an unsettled purpose. We therefore do not expect to find highly finished work. As a matter of fact, with the exception of "Romeo and Juliet" and "Richard III," none of the plays of this early period are acted on the stage to-day or often read.

It is now that Shakespeare writes his two long story poems, — "Venus and Adonis" in 1593 and "Lucrece" in 1594. In them he retells classical legends taken chiefly from the Roman poet Ovid. **The poems.** Their elaborate and florid language reminds us of similar narrative poems of the period. In their spirit and style they resemble the early plays, but in one important respect they differ: they are published with their author's name on the title-page. Unlike the Quartos of the dramas, Shakespeare prepares these poems for the press. Their popularity surpasses even that of the comedies. Seven editions of "Venus and Adonis" are issued between 1593 and 1602, and five of "Lucrece" between 1594 and 1616. Among the reading public of his day he becomes more widely known by them than by his work for the stage. He is now, in the eyes of the learned world, an author and creator of real literature.

By 1594 the years of apprenticeship are over; Shakespeare has found where his powers lie. He is still young

and ardent; the sadder and more serious things of life have not yet come to him; he sympathizes with the demands of the London populace to be amused. The results are the last of the histories and seven years of comedies, — the fullest, and we may well believe, the happiest time of his life as a dramatist. His power of expression, his skill in constructing a play, — above all, his keen insight into human nature, — develop with astonishing rapidity, until he is the favorite playwright of his day. In wit and enthusiasm, in pure poetry and "gusto," in creation of interesting and delightful character, the plays from "A Midsummer Night's Dream" to "Twelfth Night" stand unmatched. Not one of them has faded after three hundred years: they still are acted and read with profit and pleasure. Together they form "the rich period of unsurpassable comedy."

The great comedies, 1594–1600.

But youth and rollicking fun, high spirits and unbroken happiness, do not last. With the end of the century comes a turning-point in Shakespeare's life. Perhaps it is personal grief and suffering; possibly it is poor health and for the first time the thought that his own death may not be far away; possibly it is disappointment in his friends or his ambitions; or it may be simply a deeper wisdom coming with maturer years that now begins to make him think more and more of the greater and more serious things of life. The passions, the temptations, the moral struggles of mankind now absorb his interest. Naturally, comedy and history are inadequate for the expression of these deeper thoughts and emotions. With "Julius Caesar" begin the great tragedies, that "series of spectacles of the pity and terror

The great tragedies, 1601–1609.

of human suffering and human sin without parallel in the modern world."[1] Even the three comedies of these years are comedies only in name. Throughout them there is the atmosphere of suffering and sin. Their theme and spirit are more in keeping with "Hamlet" and "King Lear" than with the merrymaking and joyous fun of "As You Like It" and "A Midsummer Night's Dream." Thus every play of this period has a tragic motive, for during its nine years the mind and heart of the poet are concerned with the saddest and deepest things of human life.

The sonnets.

In 1609, toward the close of this period of tragedy, Shakespeare prints his volume of sonnets, one hundred and fifty-four in number. Some of them must have been written much earlier. Their style and youthful spirit show that; but besides, as early as 1598, Francis Meres spoke of Shakespeare's "sugred Sonnets among his private friends." Yet many of them show such power, such masterful handling of profound thought, such noble poetic form, that they seem to come from the years that produced "Hamlet" and "Othello." Probably the poet has been writing them off and on ever since he came to London, and now in 1609 he puts them at last into book form. It is well that he does so; for to-day every one who enjoys poetry reads them with delight. Unlike "Venus and Adonis" and "Lucrece" they do not fade; they are among the most perfect sonnets in our language, and they contain some of the finest lines that ever came from Shakespeare's pen. Here are two of the most admired:

1 "The Facts about Shakespeare," Neilson and Thorndike. The Macmillan Company, 1915.

29.

When, in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes,
I all alone beweep my outcast state
And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless cries
And look upon myself and curse my fate,
Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,
Featured like him, like him with friends possess'd,
Desiring this man's art and that man's scope,
With what I most enjoy contented least;
Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising,
Haply I think on thee, and then my state,
Like to the lark at break of day arising
From sullen earth, sings hymns at heaven's gate;
For thy sweet love remember'd such wealth brings
That then I scorn to change my state with kings.

116.

Let me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments. Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove:
O, no! it is an ever-fixèd mark
That looks on tempests and is never shaken;
It is the star to every wandering bark,
Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken;
Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass come;
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out even to the edge of doom.
If this be error and upon me proved,
I never writ, nor no man ever loved.

The storm and stress of tragedy, however, does not continue to the end. In the last years Shakespeare turns

away from the bitterness and sorrow of life, and leaves us as his final message three romantic comedies of delightful charm. The calm and quiet humor of these plays is very different from the boisterous farce of "The Merry Wives of Windsor" and the buffoonery of the clowns in the earlier dramas; but their beauty and sweetness and idealism make a happy and fitting close to the poet's work. In "Henry VIII," which shows brilliant flashes of his genius, and in "The Two Noble Kinsmen," which is not generally included among his plays, he writes in collaboration with John Fletcher, or with some other of the younger dramatists of these later years. He has made his fortune; he knows that his work is done; he is looking fondly toward his Stratford home, and so he turns over his place to other men.

The later comedies, 1610–1612.

First, — imitating, feeling his way, experimenting, rapidly and eagerly trying everything about him; then seven full years of whole-souled joy of living, enthusiasm, laughter, and fun; then deeper emotions and profound thought upon the saddest and most serious things of life; then a happier time of calm reflection and repose, followed by retirement from active work in London to the peaceful village home on the Avon; then, after four quiet years, the end. Thus, in a way, we begin to understand the development of Shakespeare's mind and character by a study of the years in which he wrote his plays and poems.

Summary.

SHAKESPEARE'S POPULARITY IN HIS OWN DAY

Shakespeare widely appreciated in his own lifetime.

There somehow exists a quite general feeling that Shakespeare's genius was not properly appreciated in his own time; that dramatists, now ranked far below him, were more popular with audiences in the days of Queen Elizabeth and King James I. Whether this notion comes from the scarcity of facts which we have concerning the poet's life, it is hard to say. Certainly such a belief must be ranked among the most unfortunate of popular errors. There is ample evidence to show that he was not only popular with uneducated London tradesmen and apprentices who thronged the pit of the Globe, but in the best critical judgment of the day he was considered the first of poets and dramatists. "Throughout his lifetime," says Sidney Lee, "and for a generation afterwards, his plays drew crowds to pit, boxes, and gallery alike. It is true that he was one of a number of popular dramatists, many of whom had rare gifts, and all of whom glowed with a spark of genuine literary fire. But Shakespeare was the sun in the firmament: when his light shone, the fires of all contemporaries paled in the playgoer's eye."[1]

Evidences of his popularity.

Many bits of evidence have come down to us that show how high a place in people's hearts the plays of Shakespeare held in their author's lifetime. For instance, when he had been in London but ten years he was summoned by Queen Elizabeth to play before her and the court at Greenwich in the

[1] Sidney Lee: "Shakespeare and the Elizabethan Playgoer."

Christmas holidays. The favor which King James showed his tragedies is well known. "Hamlet" was acted several times in the first year of its production, both in London and at Oxford and Cambridge. Four editions were printed in eight years,—an unusual demand for those times. Moreover, the name of Shakespeare appears in the works of contemporary authors more than that of any other dramatist, and almost invariably it is coupled with praise and admiration. He is the "mellifluous" and "honey-tongued" poet. One sets him above Plautus and Seneca; another prefers him to Chaucer, Gower, and Spenser; another declares that "he puts them all down, ay, and Ben Jonson, too." In the preface of the first complete edition of his plays, published seven years after his death, the compilers, who were his fellow-actors and friends, wrote of him that he was one "who as he was a happie imitator of Nature, was a most gentle expresser of it. His mind and hand went together; and what he thought, he uttered with that easinesse that wee have scarse received from him a blot in his papers. But it is not our province, who onely gather his works and give them you, to praise him. It is yours that reade him. And there we hope, to your divers capacities, you will finde enough both to draw and hold you; for his wit can no more lie hid than it could be lost. Reade him, therefore; and againe and againe; and if then you doe not like him, surely you are in some manifest danger not to understand him."

Ben Jonson's praise of Shakespeare.

A part of the introductory material of this First Folio edition of the plays consists of poems of praise contributed by the poet's admirers. Among the most famous are the noble lines

of Ben Jonson, scholar, poet, and dramatist. Here are the words of a thoughtful critic who knew the theatre from the stage and from the audience, — a man who had been associated with Shakespeare throughout his London career and who understood, better than any other, his place in the hearts of English people.

TO THE MEMORY OF MY BELOVED MASTER WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE AND WHAT HE HATH LEFT US

To draw no envy, Shakespeare, on thy name,
Am I thus ample to thy book and fame:
While I confess thy writings to be such,
As neither Man nor Muse can praise too much.

* * * * * * * *

Soul of the age!
The applause, delight, the wonder of our stage!
My SHAKESPEARE, rise! I will not lodge thee by
Chaucer, or Spenser, or bid Beaumont lie
A little further to make thee a room:
Thou art a monument without a tomb,
And art alive still while thy book doth live,
And we have wits to read, and praise to give.
That I not mix thee so my brain excuses, —
I mean with great, but disproportioned Muses;
For if I thought my judgment were of years,
I should commit thee surely with thy peers,
And tell how far thou didst our Lyly outshine,
Or sporting Kyd, or Marlowe's mighty line.
And though thou hadst small Latin and less Greek
From thence to honour thee I would not seek

For names, but call forth thund'ring Æschylus,
Euripides and Sophocles to us,
Pacuvius, Accius, him of Cordova dead,
To life again to hear thy buskin tread,
And shake a stage; or when thy socks were on,
Leave thee alone for a comparison
Of all that insolent Greece or haughty Rome
Sent forth, or since did from their ashes come.
Triumph, my Britain, thou hast one to show,
To whom all scenes of Europe homage owe.
He was not of an age, but for all time!
And all the Muses still were in their prime,
When, like Apollo, he came forth to warm
Our ears, or like a Mercury to charm!
Nature herself was proud of his designs,
And joyed to wear the dressing of his lines,
Which were so richly spun, and woven so fit,
As, since, she will vouchsafe no other wit.
The merry Greek, tart Aristophanes,
Neat Terence, witty Plautus, now not please;
But antiquated and deserted lie,
As they were not of Nature's family.
Yet must I not give Nature all; thy Art,
My gentle Shakespeare, must enjoy a part.
For though the poet's matter nature be,
His art doth give the fashion; and that he
Who casts to write a living line, must sweat
(Such as thine are) and strike the second heat
Upon the Muses' anvil, turn the same,
And himself with it, that he thinks to frame;
Or for the laurel he may gain to scorn;
For a good poet's made, as well as born.

And such wert thou! Look how the father's face
Lives in his issue, even so the race
Of Shakespeare's mind and manners brightly shines
In his well turnèd and true filèd lines,
In each of which he seems to shake a lance,
As brandished at the eyes of ignorance.
Sweet Swan of Avon! what a sight it were
To see thee in our waters yet appear,
And make those flights upon the banks of Thames,
That so did take Eliza and our James!
But stay, I see thee in the hemisphere
Advanced, and made a constellation there!
Shine forth, thou Star of Poets, and with rage
Or influence chide or cheer the drooping stage,
Which, since thy flight from hence, hath mourned like night,
And despairs day but for thy volume's light.

Even without these lines and numerous other bits of unqualified praise from contemporary pens, the fact that the plays were financially successful, and that from them their author made for those times a small fortune, shows us that Shakespeare was truly appreciated by all sorts of people in his own day. Before his death he had taken the place which he now holds, — that of the foremost of English poets and dramatists.

SHAKESPEARE'S FAME SINCE HIS DEATH

During the three hundred years since Shakespeare's death the popularity of his plays on the stage has naturally varied somewhat with the changing taste of the times. Toward the end of his life a decline in the drama had begun, so that the generation which followed was more pleased by the coarse blood-and-thunder tragedies of Webster, Ford, and Massinger than by the more profound and more artistic work of Shakespeare. Certain ones of the plays that very early ceased to be popular on the stage have never since come into favor. Most of the histories, two or three of the earliest comedies, "All's Well That Ends Well," "Measure for Measure," "Pericles," "Timon of Athens," "Troilus and Cressida," and "Coriolanus" have seldom been acted since they were first produced. The subjects of some of these are not suitable to present in a modern theatre; in others, as in the histories, there is not enough action or dialogue to satisfy an audience to-day. Yet these make but a small portion of the poet's work. With the exception of the twenty years, 1640–1660, when all theatres in England were closed under the censorship of Cromwell's Puritan Government, there never has been an age that has not had the opportunity to see its foremost actors in the greater comedies and tragedies that came from Shakespeare's pen.

Shakespeare on the stage since 1616.

During the reign of Charles II, in the period known as the Restoration, and for the forty years that followed, literary taste was at its lowest mark. Naturally Shakespeare suffered at a time when the coarse and artificial

plays of Wycherley, Vanbrugh, and Farquhar fascinated both the nobility and the common people of London. His dramas, to be sure, were still presented on the stage, but they were generally worked over, or even rewritten, to suit the strange fancies of the age. With music, new scenes, and new characters they were mutilated almost beyond recognition. From one point of view they were spoiled; yet it is significant that even to the theatre-goers of 1680 they still had enough vitality and imaginative power to be made the foundation of popular and successful entertainments. Dryden, the chief poet of the time, admired the genius of their author, and wrote prefaces for them in their renovated form. Betterton, the greatest actor of the age, was regarded at his best as the Prince in "Hamlet," a part which he played on many occasions, and always to enthusiastic houses. Samuel Pepys, who kept a remarkable diary between 1661 and 1669, records in his journal three hundred and fifty-one visits to the London theatres during these eight years. On forty-one of these occasions he saw plays by Shakespeare, or plays based upon them. Though Pepys was entirely unable to appreciate the poetry and all the finer qualities of what he heard, — he speaks in especially slighting terms of the comedies, — still it is interesting to know that he had even the opportunity, in eight short years, to witness fourteen different works of the great Elizabethan dramatist. This, too, in England's darkest age of literary appreciation!

The feeling for Shakespeare during the Restoration, 1660–1740.

The middle of the eighteenth century saw a new and genuine enthusiasm for Shakespeare. Scholars began to study his life and his work. New editions were published,

with notes and comment. The plays were revived on the stage in their original and true form. A great interest in all that he had said and thought was born, — an interest which grew through the years that followed, and still is growing. The foremost actors of all times have turned to him for their most ambitious work, and the crowning of their professional achievement. Perhaps the greatest of them all was David Garrick. "From his first triumph in Richard III, in 1741, to his farewell performance of Lear in 1776, he won a series of signal successes in both tragedy and comedy, in Hamlet, Lear, Macbeth, Richard III, Falconbridge, Romeo, Hotspur, Iago, Leontes, Posthumus, Benedick, and Antony. Garrick's services to Shakespeare extended beyond the parts which he impersonated. He revived many plays, and though he garbled the texts freely, yet in comparison with earlier practice he really had some right to boast that he had restored the text of Shakespeare to the stage. Further, his example led to an increased popularity of Shakespeare in the theatre and afforded new incentives for other actors. Mrs. Clive, Mrs. Cibber, and Mrs. Pritchard were among the women who acted with Garrick. Macklin, by his revival of Shylock as a tragic character, Henderson, by his impersonation of Falstaff, and John Palmer in secondary characters, as Iago, Mercutio, Touchstone, and Sir Tobey, were his contemporaries most famous in their day."[1] After Garrick came Mrs. Kemble, Edmund Kean, Mrs. Siddons, Macready, and Booth, — names remembered to-day chiefly in connection with the Shakespearean rôles which they nobly played.

The great actors in Shakespeare's plays.

[1] Neilson and Thorndike: "The Facts about Shakespeare," page 174.

Conditions have not changed in our own time. The greatest actors of our own generation, Sir Henry Irving, Ellen Terry, Helena Modjeska, Ada Rehan, Forbes Robertson, Beerbohm Tree, Julia Marlowe, and Edward Sothern, have been seen at their best in the comedies and tragedies of Shakespeare. Even in the twentieth century, with musical comedies, vaudeville, and moving-pictures to contend with, his plays are presented in greater number than are the plays of any other man who has ever lived. Nor are they revived merely for the sake of sentiment. They draw large audiences of all sorts of people. They still pay as purely business undertakings. "The Merchant of Venice," "Julius Caesar," "Hamlet," "Macbeth," "Twelfth Night," "As You Like It," "A Midsummer Night's Dream," "Romeo and Juliet," "The Taming of the Shrew," and "The Merry Wives of Windsor" still earn money for actors and theatre-managers as they did three centuries ago. What is far more important, they still give pleasure and amusement, they still stir laughter and tears and awaken the imagination as they did at the Globe in London in the lifetime of their creator.

Shakespeare on the stage to-day.

Shakespeare, we know, wrote his plays to be acted: to him they were distinctly stage productions to be seen and heard at the theatre. So little did he think of their being read that he apparently had no concern about them in their book form. To-day, on the contrary, though they still are presented on the stage, it is in school and college classrooms, in libraries, and in homes that they are chiefly known. New editions are constantly appearing. Plays and novels that were popular twenty years

Shakespeare's plays read, as well as acted.

ago are out of print and difficult to find; the works of Shakespeare, in a dozen different forms, are in every book-store of England and America. Quite apart from their acting qualities, they have come to be regarded as the highest type of literature in our language.

This is not the place to give an extensive criticism of Shakespeare's works, nor a full analysis of the reasons why the world regards them so highly apart from their value as stage performances. It will be enough to remind the student that in nothing that has ever been written do we find a clearer or more faithful portrayal of all the varying moods and emotions of human nature. The characters which Shakespeare has created live in our minds both as individuals and as types of the ideal. He strips away the petty things from life and shows us the eternal elements underneath. He has that wonderful and rare quality called universality; for he expresses the thoughts and feelings of us all, — the things which we know to be great and true. Somewhere in his plays everyone finds himself, and the discovery, though he may not realize it at the time, makes a lasting impression. For Shakespeare is the supreme teacher: he suggests, but does not preach, the art of living. Other men have done all this. But Shakespeare has left us his wisdom and his interpretation of life in a more beautiful and stately diction, in phrasing more apt and pleasing, in poetry of greater imaginative power, than has ever come from the mind of man.

Why Shakespeare lives.

More books have been written about Shakespeare than about any other person who ever lived.[1] This is not surpris-

[1] For titles of those books on Shakespeare most interesting to students and teachers, see page 154.

ing when we consider that the interest in his plays, which has existed now for three centuries, is world-wide, and when we remember that the language in which he wrote often needs explanation and comment to make it perfectly clear to the average reader to-day. Almost every English and American poet of note has left a tribute to the greatest of all poets. Perhaps the best known are Milton's famous Epitaph, printed on page viii of this volume, and Ben Jonson's lines contributed to the First Folio in 1623, which are given on page 120. Here are a few other short poems, or selections from poems, which give honor and praise to those characteristics that have made Shakespeare the inspiration and the guiding-star of poets since Elizabethan times.

JAMES THOMSON

FOR lofty sense,
Creative fancy, and inspection keen
Through the deep windings of the human heart,
Is not wild Shakespeare thine and Nature's boast?

Summer — 1727.

WILLIAM COLLINS

THE temper of our isle, though cold, is clear;
And such our genius, noble though severe.
Our Shakespeare scorn'd the trifling rules of art,
But knew to conquer and surprise the heart!
In magic chains the captive thought to bind,
And fathom all the depths of human kind!

On our Late Taste in Music — 1747.

THOMAS GRAY

FAR from the sun and summer gale
In thy green lap was Nature's Darling laid,
What time, where lucid Avon stray'd,
To him the mighty mother did unveil
Her awful face: the dauntless child
Stretch'd forth his little arms and smiled.
"This pencil take (she said), whose colours clear
Richly paint the vernal year:
Thine too these golden keys, immortal boy!
This can unlock the gates of joy;
Of horror that, and thrilling fears,
Or ope the sacred source of sympathetic tears."

The Progress of Poesy — 1757.

HENRY ALFORD

WE stood upon the tomb of him whose praise,
Time, nor oblivious thrift, nor envy chill,
Nor war, nor ocean with her severing space,
Shall hinder from the peopled world to fill;
And thus, in fulness of our heart, we cried:
God's works are wonderful — the circling sky,
The rivers that with noiseless footing glide,
Man's firm-built strength, and woman's liquid eye;
But the high spirit that sleepeth here below,
More than all beautiful and stately things,
Glory to God the mighty Maker brings;
To whom alone 'twas given the bounds to know
Of human action, and the secret springs
Whence the deep streams of joy and sorrow flow.

Stratford-upon-Avon — 1837.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

THERE Shakespeare, on whose forehead climb
The crowns o' the world: O eyes sublime
With tears and laughter for all time!

A Vision of Poets—1844.

LEIGH HUNT

. . . HUMANITY'S divinest son,
That sprightliest, gravest, wisest, kindest one . . .

Thoughts of the Avon—1844.

ROBERT BROWNING

—I DECLARE our Poet, him
Whose insight makes all others dim:
A thousand Poets pried at life,
And only one amid the strife
Rose to be Shakespeare.

Christmas Eve and Easter Day—1850.

HARTLEY COLERIDGE

GREAT poet, 'twas thy art
To know thyself, and in thyself to be
Whate'er love, hate, ambition, destiny,
Or the firm, fatal purpose of the heart,
Can make of Man. Yet thou wert still the same,
Serene of thought, unhurt by thy own flame.

To Shakespeare—1851.

WILLIAM WETMORE STORY

. . . SHAKESPEARE, whose strong soul could climb
Steeps of sheer terror, sound the ocean grand
Of Passion's deeps, or over Fancy's strand
Trip with his fairies, keeping step and time.
His, too, the power to laugh out full and clear,
With unembittered joyance, and to move
Along the silent, shadowy paths of love
As tenderly as Dante, whose austere,
Stern spirit through the worlds below, above,
Unsmiling strode, to tell their tidings here.

The Mighty Makers, II—1851.

MATTHEW ARNOLD

OTHERS abide our question. Thou art free.
We ask and ask — thou smilest and art still,
Out-topping knowledge. For the loftiest hill,
Who to the stars uncrowns his majesty,
Planting his steadfast footsteps in the sea,
Making the heaven of heavens his dwelling-place,
Spares but the cloudy border of his base
To the foil'd searching of mortality;

And thou, who didst the stars and sunbeams know,
Self-school'd, self-scann'd, self-honour'd, self-secure
Didst tread on earth unguess'd at. — Better so!

All pains the immortal spirit must endure,
All weakness which impairs, all griefs which bow,
Find their sole speech in that victorious brow.

Shakespeare—1867.

THE THEATRE OF SHAKESPEARE'S DAY

When Shakespeare left Stratford and went to London, theatres were in their infancy. The first one had been built in 1576, when he was a lad of twelve, and on his arrival in the city there were but three small wooden structures devoted to the production of plays. Enthusiasm for the drama, however, was aglow. With the sanction of Queen Elizabeth, herself a lover of pageants and revels, and under the patronage of the powerful Earls of Leicester, Southampton, and Rutland, the popular demand for this form of amusement grew with amazing rapidity. Theatres shot up one after another until in 1633 there were at least nineteen in London, "a number," says Brandes, "which no modern town of 300,000 inhabitants can equal." Poets, courtiers, scholars, — everyone who could write, — turned to the making of plays. The art which Shakespeare found in its crude and humble beginnings, in the short period of his active life, that is, between 1585 and 1610, developed through every stage to its highest form, so that never in the three hundred years that have since elapsed has the drama of the Elizabethan days been surpassed. In this development Shakespeare was "a pioneer — almost the creator or first designer — as well as the practised workman in unmatched perfection."[1]

Popularity of the first theatres.

Though the first theatre in England was not erected until Shakespeare was twelve years old, long before his time there had been many different kinds of simple plays. The instinct to act out a story had existed from the child-

[1] Sidney Lee: "Shakespeare and the Elizabethan Playgoer."

hood of the race. With the earliest telling of legends and folktales by minstrels and bards there had often been occasion for dramatic recital, dialogue, and action. For centuries, too, there had been the solemn mysteries and quaint old moralities. Mummers and bands of strolling players had wandered over Europe throughout the Middle Ages. The drama, therefore, which flowered in the last half of the sixteenth century, was not a new and sudden birth, but rather came as the natural outgrowth of centuries of crude and humble plays. In the beginning these had been closely connected with the service of the church; in fact, they had been a means of religious instruction rather than a form of amusement. To understand this more clearly, let us compare their origin with that of the Greek drama in earlier ages still.

Plays before theatres were built.

Many, many centuries before Shakespeare was born, — five or six hundred years B.C., — the God Dionysus, or Bacchus, was worshipped in Greece at country festivals by boisterous groups of men who chanted and marched and exchanged bantering jests as they danced about the altar and acted out legends connected with the god. These actors, who represented the satyr followers of Dionysus, generally were clad in goatskins, whence we have our word "tragedy," from the Greek *tragos*, a goat, and *tragodia*, a goat-song. From these simple beginnings sprang the drama of Greece, which produced Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides. The religious element persisted in ancient times much longer than in England, for the plays of the Greek dramatists who correspond to Shakespeare were still a form of worship. In the center of the orchestra

The religious origin of the Greek drama.

stood the altar of Dionysus, about which the chorus moved in solemn procession, chanting and reciting; before the performance began there were sacrifices to the god, and the plays were given in the spring on the days of the Dionysian festival. Greek tragedy was therefore not merely an entertainment, but a serious religious function. Beginning as a popular form of Nature worship, it finally became a means of expression for the most serious and finest of Greek thought and wisdom. As it spread from Athens to other towns, little by little it ceased to be a religious affair, until at last, as it gradually lost its vitality and splendor, its relation to the worship of Dionysus entirely disappeared. In similar fashion, comedy (from *comos*, a band of revellers, and *odé*, a song) developed from the ruder, more rustic elements in the worship of the same god, though here, as we might expect, the religious element did not persist as long as it did in its greater and more serious cousin, tragedy.

More than eighteen hundred years later, in England, we find the beginnings of the drama again closely related to worship. At a time when few of the common people could read, the priests in the churches found no method of teaching their congregations the stories of the Bible so effective as the use of objects and pictures which appealed to the eye. The effectiveness of their teaching was enormously increased when they added movement, action, and talk to their picture lessons. Indeed, it was but a step from the impressive and beautiful service of the Mass to a dramatic presentation, in simple form, of the most solemn scenes in religious history. "In this manner the people not only *heard* the story of the Adoration of the Magi and of the

English drama begins in the Church.

Marriage in Cana, but *saw* the story in tableau. In course of time the persons in these tableaux spoke and moved, and then it was but a logical step to the representation dramatically, by the priests before the altar, of the striking or significant events in the life of Christ."[1]

The Mysteries and Miracle Plays.

Thus in the services of the church at Christmas, Good Friday, and Easter were laid the foundations of our modern drama. These earliest performances, which were called Mysteries, dealt wholly with Bible stories, from the Creation to the Day of Judgment, and with the life of Christ; but as they became more and more popular with the masses, a broader field of subjects was sought, and lives of saints were used for dramatic material in the Miracle Plays of a century later. Not only were the priests the authors of both these simple forms of drama, but with the choir boys they were also the actors. For many years these plays were given on Holy Days and Saints' Days, either at the altar in the church itself, or in the enclosure just outside its walls. Their object continued to be largely religious instruction. In the Miracle plays, however, there were opportunities for a good deal of grotesque amusement. Incidents in the lives of the saints were not always serious or spiritual. The Devil gradually became more or less of a comic character. As the performances grew less solemn and awe-inspiring, the attitude of the people toward them changed. No longer did they attend them to worship, but rather to see a show and be amused. Gradually, therefore, they became separated from the service of the church, until finally they were banished once for all from the sacred walls, and but a few years after they had been

[1] W. H. Mabie: "William Shakespeare: Poet, Dramatist, and Man."

given at the altar they were being denounced by the priests as base and wicked things. Indeed, the feeling that plays are devices and temptations of Satan, which still exists, may be traced to the time, four centuries ago, when the drama lost favor with the Church.

Trade-Guilds and the plays.

The Mysteries and Miracle Plays did not decline in popularity when they were abandoned by the various religious orders. On the contrary, with the greater freedom and larger opportunity which separation from the church gave them, they increased rapidly in the people's favor. They were now taken up by the trade-guilds which, by the fifteenth century, developed elaborate and systematic methods of presenting them. Often different groups of tradesmen, such as the weavers' guild or the goldsmiths' guild, would unite, each band or "company" presenting an act or scene in the play to be undertaken. Huge, two-story covered wagons, somewhat like our large moving-vans to-day, took the place of stage and property-rooms. The actors dressed in the enclosed part of the vehicle, and then mounted a ladder or some rough stairs to the top story, or roof, where they performed their parts. Announced by heralds, — sometimes even by proclamation of the Mayor, — these pageants, as they were called, were drawn through the town on holidays and occasions of special festival. In the course of its progress the moving-stage would stop several times, — at the corners of the principal streets, in a public square, often at the doors of a church or cathedral. Then the crowd which had been following in its wake gathered about it to witness again the drama of Adam and Eve and the Garden of Eden, of Noah, the flood and the ark, of Pilate and Herod, or one of the

numberless other stories with which they had been familiar from childhood.

Miracle Plays and Mysteries were followed by the Moralities in which abstract qualities such as Pleasure, Slander, Rage, Perseverance, and the Seven Deadly Sins took the place of characters from the Bible. This was a long stride forward. Now the field of subjects was greatly enlarged. Originality both in writing plays and in producing them was now first in demand. Opportunity had come at last for the creation of character, and for the use of everyday life on the stage. "Everyman," which has often been acted in our time, is a good example of what the Moralities at their best could be. Like the Miracle plays they were generally given by the guilds in marketplaces, enclosures of castles, and inn-yards where people could watch them from windows and balconies, as well as from the ground about the portable stage. Heavy, crude, and dull as these old plays now seem to us, they were intensely enjoyed by the populace of those far-away simpler times. From the eagerness and excitement with which they awaited their coming to town, or travelled long distances to see them, it is evident that a love of acting was inborn in the hearts of the people which sooner or later would develop a more finished and artistic drama.

The Moralities.

None of the performers in the Mysteries or Miracle Plays had been professional actors; but now with the Moralities came the opportunity for men to make a business of acting. As religious subjects gradually disappeared from the pageant stage, actors by profession came into existence. Wandering minstrels and story-tellers, mummers

Acting as a profession; companies of actors.

and strolling players, began to join together in troops for protection and companionship. "From the days of Henry VI onwards, members of the nobility began to entertain these companies of actors, and Henry VII and Henry VIII had their own private comedians. A 'Master of the Revels' was appointed to superintend musical and dramatic entertainments at court." A little later a statute of Parliament declared that "all actors who were not attached to the service of a nobleman should be treated as rogues and vagabonds, or in other words, might be whipped out of any town in which they appeared. This decree, of course, compelled all actors to enter the service of one great man or other, and we see that the aristocracy felt bound to protect their art. A large number of the first men in the kingdom, during Elizabeth's reign, had each his company of actors. The player received from the nobleman, whose 'servant' he was, a cloak bearing the arms of the family. On the other hand, he received no salary, but was simply paid for each performance given before his patron. We must thus conceive Shakespeare as bearing on his cloak the arms of Leicester, and afterwards of the Lord Chamberlain, until about his fortieth year. From 1604 onwards, when the company was promoted by James I to be His Majesty's Servants, it was the Royal arms that he wore."[1]

The first theatres in London.

For many years these companies of professional actors had no regular buildings in which to give their performances. Their plays were presented before their noble patrons in the great halls of their castles, and occasionally at court for the amusement of the king or queen. As late as Shake-

[1] Georg Brandes: "William Shakespeare," page 99.

speare's boyhood they were witnessed by the common people in the yards of taverns, in the open streets, or on village greens. If the actors played in London, either in the guild-halls or out of doors, they first had to obtain a license from the Lord Mayor for each performance, and then they were obliged to surrender half of their receipts to the city treasury. These trying conditions, with the growing popularity of the drama among all classes, finally led in 1576 to the erection of the first building for acting purposes. This was called the Theatre. The following year the Curtain was erected; in 1587, the Rose; in 1594, the Swan; and in 1599, the Globe. Once begun they shot up with wonderful rapidity. When Shakespeare arrived in the city there were but three playhouses; in 1611, when he retired to Stratford, there were probably ten or twelve.

The location of the first theatres.

In one sense London even then did not possess a theatre, for the early playhouses were not in the city at all. They were built on a tract of open land across the Thames, at the further end of London Bridge, outside the walls and well beyond the jurisdiction of the Mayor. The capital was then a town of small dimensions, barely a mile square, with a population of nearly 200,000 crowded together in houses which were constructed largely of wood. The streets were narrow, crooked, and muddy. Adequate means of fighting fire and disease did not exist. The Corporation was therefore strongly opposed to the erection of dangerous and inflammable structures upon the few vacant spaces within the walls. Moreover, among the Puritans, who were coming to be a large and influential body, opposition to the drama was growing more marked

and open; so that the companies of actors were obliged to put up their theatres well beyond the reach of the city's laws.

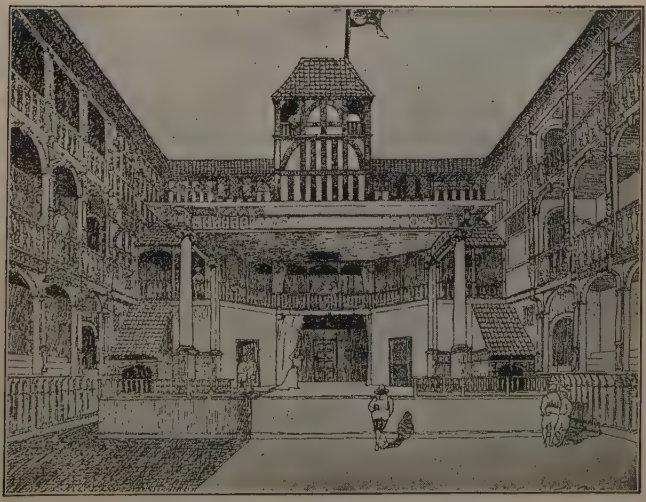
The Globe Theatre: its external appearance.

Let us now pay a visit to the Globe, to us the most interesting of all the theatres, for it is here that Shakespeare's company acts, and here many of his plays are first seen on the stage. We cross the Thames by London Bridge with its lines of crowded booths and shops and throngs of bustling tradesmen; or if it is fine weather we take a small boat and are rowed over the river to the southern shores. Here on the Bankside, in the part of London now called Southwark, beyond the end of the bridge, and in the open fields near the Bear Garden, stands a roundish, three-story wooden building, so high for its size that it looks more like a clumsy, squatty tower than a theatre. As we draw nearer we see that it is not exactly round after all, but is somewhat hexagonal in shape. The walls seem to slant a little inward, giving it the appearance of a huge thimble, or cocked hat, with six flattened sides instead of a circular surface. There are but few small windows and two low shabby entrances. The whole structure is so dingy and unattractive that we stand before it in wonder. Can this be the place where "Hamlet," "The Merchant of Venice," and "Julius Caesar" are put on the stage!

The Globe Theatre: the interior.

Our amazement on stepping inside is even greater. The first thing that astonishes us is the blue sky over our heads. The building has no roof except a narrow strip around the edge and a covering at the rear over the back part of the stage. The front of the stage and the whole center of the theatre is open to the air. Now we see how the in-

The Globe Theatre



Interior of an Elizabethan Theatre

Godfrey's reconstruction of the Fortune Theatre

terior is lighted, though with the sunshine must often come rain and sleet and London fog. Looking up and out at the clouds floating by, we notice that a flag is flying from a short pole on the roof over the stage. This is most important, for it is announcing to the city across the river that this afternoon there is to be a play. It is bill-board, newspaper notice, and advertisement in one: and we may imagine the eagerness with which it is looked for among the theatre-loving populace of these later Elizabethan years. When the performance begins the flag will be lowered to proclaim to all that "the play is on."

Where, now, shall we sit? Before us on the ground level is a large open space, which corresponds to the orchestra circle on the floor of a modern playhouse. But here there is only the flat bare earth, trodden down hard, with rushes and straw scattered over it. There is not a sign of a seat! This is the "yard," or, as it is sometimes called, "the pit," where, by paying a penny or two, London apprentices, sailors, laborers, and the mixed crowd from the streets may stand jostling together. Some of the more enterprising ones may possibly sit on boxes and stools which they bring into the building with them. Among these "groundlings" there will surely be bustling confusion, noisy wrangling, and plenty of danger from pickpockets; so we look about us to find a more comfortable place from which to watch the performance.

Seating arrangements in the theatre: the pit.

On three sides of us, and extending well around the stage, are three tiers of narrow balconies. In some places these are divided into compartments, or boxes. The prices here are higher, varying from a few pennies to half a crown, according to

The balconies and boxes.

the location. By putting our money into a box held out to us, — there are no tickets, — we are allowed to climb the crooked wooden stairs to one of these compartments. Here we find rough benches and chairs, and above all a little seclusion from the throng of men and boys below. Along the edge of the stage we observe that there are stools, but these places, elevated and facing the audience, seem rather conspicuous, and besides the prices are high. They will be taken by the young gallants and men of fashion of London, in brave and brilliant clothes, with light swords at their belts, wide ruffled collars about their necks, and gay plumes in their hats. It will be amusing to see them show off their fine apparel, and display their wit at the expense of the groundlings in the pit, and even of the actors themselves. We are safer, however, and much more comfortable here in the balcony among the more sober, quiet gentlemen of London, who with mechanics, tradesmen, nobles, and shop-keepers have come to see the play.

The stage.

The moment we entered the theatre we were impressed by the size of the stage. Looking down upon it from the balcony, it seems even larger and very near us. If it is like the stage of the Fortune it is square, as shown in the illustration facing page 140. Here in the Globe it is probably narrower at the front than at the back, tapering from the rear wall almost to a point. Whatever its shape, it is only a roughly-built, high platform, open on three sides, and extending halfway into the "yard." Though a low railing runs about its edge, there are no footlights, — all performances are in the afternoon by the light of day which streams down through the open top, — and strangest of all there is no curtain. At each

side of the rear we can see a door that leads to the "tiring-rooms," where the actors dress, and from which they make their entrances. These are the "green-rooms" and wings of our theatre to-day. Between the doors is a curtain that now before the play begins is drawn together. Later when it is pulled aside, — not *upward* as curtains usually are now, — we shall see a shallow recess or alcove which serves as a secondary, or inner stage. Over this extends a narrow balcony covered by a roof which is supported at the front corners by two columns that stand well out from the wall. Still higher up, over the inner stage, is a sort of tower, sometimes called the "hut," and from a pole on this the flag is flying which summons the London populace from across the Thames. Rushes are strewn over the floor; there are no drops or wings or walls of painted scenery. In its simplicity and bareness it reminds us of the rude stage of the strolling players. Indeed, the whole interior of the building seems to be but an adaptation of the tavern-yard and village-green.

Use of the main stage.

How, we wonder, can a play like "Julius Caesar" or "The Merchant of Venice" be staged on such a crude affair as this! What are the various parts of it for? Practically all acting is done, we shall see, on the front of the platform well out among the crowd in the pit, with the audience on three sides of the performers. All out-of-door scenes will be acted here, from a conversation in the streets of Venice or a dialogue in a garden, to a battle, a procession, or a banquet in the Forest of Arden. Here, too, with but the slightest alteration, or even with no change at all, interior scenes will be presented. With the "groundlings" crowded close up to its edges, and with young gallants

sitting on its sides, this outer stage comes close to the people. On it will be all the main action of the drama: the various arrangements at the rear are for supplementary purposes and certain important effects.

Uses of the inner stage.

The inner stage, or alcove beyond the curtain, is used in many ways. It may serve for any room somewhat removed from the scene of action, such as a passage-way or a study. It often is made to represent a cave, a shop, or a prison. Here Othello, in a frenzy of jealous passion, strangles Desdemona as she lies in bed; here probably the ghost of Caesar appears to Brutus in his tent on the plains of Philippi; here stand the three fateful caskets in the mansion at Belmont, as we see by Portia's words,

> "Go, *draw aside the curtains*, and discover
> The several caskets to this noble Prince."

Tableaux and scenes within scenes, such as the short play in "Hamlet" by which the prince "catches the conscience of the king," are acted in this recess. But the most important use is to give the effect of a change of scene. By drawing apart and closing the curtain, with a few simple changes of properties in this inner compartment, a different background is possible. By such a slight variation of setting at the rear, the platform in the pit is transformed, by the quick imagination of the spectators, from a field or a street to a castle hall or a wood. Thus, the whole stage becomes the Forest of Arden by the use of a little greenery in the distance. Similarly, a few trees and shrubs at the rear of the inner stage, when the curtain is thrown aside, will change the setting from the court-room in the fourth act of "The Merchant of Venice," to the

scene in the garden at Belmont which immediately follows.

The balcony over the inner stage serves an important purpose, too. With the windows, which are often just over the doors leading to the tiring-rooms, it gives the effect of an upper story in a house, of walls in a castle, a tower, or any elevated position. This is the place, of course, where Juliet comes to greet Romeo who is in the garden below. In "Julius Caesar" when Cassius says,

Uses of the balcony over the stage.

"Go Pindarus, *get higher on that hill;*

* * * * * *

And tell me what thou notest about the field,"

the soldier undoubtedly climbs to the balcony, for a moment later, looking abroad over the field of battle, he reports to Cassius what he sees from his elevation. Here Jessica appears when Lorenzo calls under Shylock's windows, "Ho! who's within?" and on this balcony she is standing when she throws down to her lover a box of her father's jewels. "Here, catch this casket; it is worth the pains," she says, and retires into the house, appearing below a moment later to run away with Lorenzo and his masquerading companions.

Besides these simple devices, if we look closely enough we shall see a trap-door, or perhaps two, in the platform. These are for the entrance of apparitions and demons. They correspond, in a way, to the balcony by giving the effect of a place lower than the stage level. Thus in the first scene of "The Tempest," which takes place in a storm at sea, the notion of a ship may be suggested to the audience by sailors

Other stage devices.

entering from the trap-door, as they might come up a hatchway to a deck. If it is a play with gods and goddesses and spirits, we may be startled to see them appear and disappear through the air. Evidently there is machinery of some sort in the hut over the balcony which can be used for lowering and raising deities and creatures that live above the earth. On each side of the stage is a flight of steps leading to the balcony. These are often covered, as plainly shown by Mr. Godfrey's reconstruction of the Fortune Theatre facing page 140. Here sit councils, senates, and princes with their courts. Macbeth uses them to give the impression of ascending to an upper chamber when he goes to kill the king, and down them he rushes to his wife after he has committed the fearful murder.

What astonishes us most, however, is the absence of scenery. To be sure, some slight attempt has been made to create scenic illusion. There are, perhaps, a few trees and boulders, a table, a chair or two, and pasteboard dishes of food. But there is little more. In the only drawing of the interior of an Elizabethan theatre that has been preserved, — a sketch of the Swan made in 1596, — the stage has absolutely no furniture except one plain bench on which one of the actors is sitting. Here before us in the Globe the walls may be covered with loose tapestries, black if the play is to be a tragedy, blue if a comedy; but it is quite possible that they are entirely bare. A placard on one of the pillars announces that the stage is now a street in Venice, now a courtroom, now the hall of a stately mansion. It may be that the Prologue, or even the actors themselves, will tell us at the opening of an act just where the scene is laid and what we are to imagine the platform to represent.

Scenery on the stage.

In "Henry V," for instance, the Prologue at the beginning not only explains the setting of the play, but asks forgiveness of the audience for attempting to put on the stage armies and battles and the "vasty fields of France."

"But pardon, gentles all,
The flat unraiséd spirit that hath dared
On this unworthy scaffold to bring forth
So great an object. Can this cockpit hold
The vasty fields of France? or may we cram
Within *this wooden O* the very casques
That did affright the air at Agincourt?
O, pardon! since a crooked figure may
Attest in little place a million;
And let us, ciphers to this great accompt,
On your imaginary forces work.
Suppose within the girdle of these walls
Are now confined two mighty monarchies,
Whose high-upreaŕéd and abutting fronts
The perilous, narrow ocean parts asunder.
Piece out our imperfections with your thoughts;
Into a thousand parts divide one man,
And make imaginary puissance.
Think, when we talk of horses, that you see them
Printing their proud hoofs i' the receiving earth,
For 'tis your thoughts that now must deck our kings,
Carry them here and there, jumping o'er times,
Turning the accomplishment of many years
Into an hour-glass."

In "As You Like It" it is an actor who tells us at the opening of the second act that we are now to imagine the Forest of Arden before us. In the first sentence which

the banished Duke speaks, he says, "Are not *these woods* more free from peril than the envious court?" and a moment later, when Touchstone and the runaway maidens first enter the woods, Rosalind exclaims, "Well, this is the Forest of Arden!" A hint, a reference, a few simple contrivances, a placard or two, — these are enough. "Imaginary forces" are here in the audience keenly alive, and they will do the rest. By means of them, without the illusion of scenery, the bare wooden stage will become a ship, a garden, a palace, a London tavern. Whole armies will enter and retire by a single door. Battles will rage, royal processions pass in and out, graves will be dug, lovers will woo, — and all with hardly an important alteration of the setting. Lack of scenery does not limit the type of scenes that can be presented. On the contrary, it gives almost unlimited opportunities to the dramatist, for the spectators, in the force and freshness of their imagination, are children who willingly "play" that the stage is anything the author suggests. Their youthful enthusiasm, their simple tastes, above all their lack of knowledge of anything different, give them the enviable power of imagining the grandest, most beautiful, and most varied scenes on the same bare, unadorned boards. Apparently they are well satisfied with their stage; for it is not until nearly fifty years after Shakespeare's death that movable scenery is used in an English theatre.

The performance of a play.

It is now three o'clock and time for the performance to begin. Among the motley crowd of men and boys in the yard there is no longer room for another box or stool. They are evidently growing impatient and jostle together in noisy confusion. Suddenly three long blasts on a trumpet sound. The

mutterings in the pit subside, and all eyes turn toward the stage. First an actor, clothed in a black mantle and wearing a laurel wreath on his head, comes from behind the curtain and recites the prologue. From it we learn something of the story of the play to follow, and possibly a little about the scene of action. This is all very welcome, for we have no programs and the plot of the drama is unfamiliar. In a minute or two the Prologue retires and the actors of the first scene enter. We are soon impressed by the rapidity with which the play moves on. There is little stage "business"; though there may be some music between the acts, still there are no long waits; one scene follows another as quickly as the actors can make their exits and entrances. The whole play, therefore, does not last much over two hours. At the close there is an epilogue, spoken by one of the actors, after which the players kneel and join in a prayer for the queen. Then comes a final bit of amusement for the groundlings: the clown, or some other comic character of the company, sings a popular song, dances a brisk and boisterous jig, and the performance of the day is done.

Costumes of the actors.

During our novel experience this afternoon at the Globe, nothing has probably surprised us more than the elaborate and gorgeous costumes of the actors. At a time when so little attention is paid to scenery we naturally expect to find the dress of the players equally simple and plain. But we are mistaken. The costumes, to be sure, make little or no pretension to fit the period or place of action. Caesar appears in clothes such as are worn by a duke or an earl in 1601. "They are the ordinary dresses of various classes of the day, but they are often of rich material, and

in the height of current fashion. False hair and beards, crowns and sceptres, mitres and croziers, armour, helmets, shields, vizors, and weapons of war, hoods, bands, and cassocks, are relied on to indicate among the characters differences of rank or profession. The foreign observer, Thomas Platter of Basle, was impressed by the splendor of the actors' costumes. 'The players wear the most costly and beautiful dresses, for it is the custom in England, that when noblemen or knights die, they leave their finest clothes to their servants, who, since it would not be fitting for them to wear such splendid garments, sell them soon afterwards to the players for a small sum.'"[1] But no money is spared to secure the fitting garment for an important part. Indeed, it is quite probable that more is paid for a king's velvet robe or a prince's silken doublet than is given to the author for the play itself. Whether the elaborate costumes are appropriate or not, their general effect is pleasing, for they give variety and brilliant color to the bare and unattractive stage.

Female parts taken by boys.

If we are happily surprised by the costuming of the play, what shall we say of the actors who take the female parts! They are very evidently not women, or even girls, but boys whose voices have not changed, dressed, tricked out, and trained to appear as feminine as possible. It is considered unseemly for a woman to appear on a public stage, — indeed, the professional actress does not exist and will not be seen in an English theatre for nearly a century. Meanwhile plays are written with few female parts (remember "The Merchant of Venice," "Julius Caesar," and "Macbeth") and young boys are trained to take these

[1] Sidney Lee: "Shakespeare and the Modern Stage," page 41.

rôles. The theatregoers seem to enjoy the performance just as much as we do to-day with mature and accomplished actresses on the stage. Shakespeare and his fellow dramatists treated the situation with good grace or indifference. Thus in the epilogue of "As You Like It" Rosalind says to the audience, "*If I were a woman* I would kiss as many of you as had beards that pleased me." The jest, of course, consists in the fact that she is *not* a woman at all, but a stripling. In a more tragic vein Cleopatra, before she dies, complains that "the quick comedians . . . will stage us, . . . and I shall see some *squeaking Cleopatra boy my* greatness." It may be that the boys who take the women's parts this afternoon wear masks to make them seem less masculine, though how that can improve the situation it is difficult to understand. There is an amusing reference to this practice in "A Midsummer Night's Dream." When Flute, the bellows-mender, is assigned a part in the drama which the mechanics of Athens are rehearsing, he exclaims, "Nay, faith, let me not play a woman; I have a beard coming"; to which protest Quince replies, "That's all one: you shall play it *in a mask*, and you may speak as small as you will."

The audience at the Globe.

Though rapid action, brilliant costumes, and, above all, the force and beauty of the lines, may lead us to forget that the heroine is only a boy, it is more difficult to keep our attention from being distracted by the audience around us. It surprises us that there are so few women present. We notice, too, that many of those who have come wear a mask of silk or velvet over their faces. Evidently it is hardly the proper thing for a respectable woman to be seen in a public theatre. The people in the balconies are

fairly orderly, but below in the pit the crowd is restless, noisy, and at times even boisterous. Bricklayers, dock-laborers, apprentices, serving-men, and idlers stand in jostling confusion. There are no police and no laws that are enforced. Pickpockets ply an active trade. One, we see, has been caught and is bound to the railing at the edge of the stage where he is an object of coarse jests and ridicule. Refreshment-sellers push about in the throng with apples and sausages, nuts and ale. There is much eating and drinking and plenty of smoking. On the stage the gallants are a constant source of bother to the players. They interrupt the Prologue, criticise the dress of the hero, banter the heroine, and joke with the clown. Even here in the gallery we can hear their comments — far from flattering — upon a scene that does not please them; when a little later they applaud, their praises are just as vigorous. Once it seems as though the play is going to be brought to a standstill by a wrangling quarrel between one of these rakish gentlemen and a group of groundlings near the stage. Their attention, however, is taken by the entrance of the leading actor declaiming a stirring passage, and their differences are soon forgotten. It is, on the whole, a good-natured rough crowd of the common people, the lower and middle classes from the great city across the river, — more like the crowd one sees to-day at a circus or a professional ball-game than at a theatre of the highest type. They loudly cheer the clown's final song and dance, and then with laughter, shouting, and jesting they pour out of the yard and in a moment the building is empty. The play is over until to-morrow afternoon.

What a contrast it all has been to a play in a theatre of

the twentieth century! When we think of the uncomfortable benches, the flat bare earth of the pit, the lack of scenery, footlights, and drop curtains; when we hear the shrill voices of boys piping the women's parts, and see mist and rain falling on spectator's heads, we are inclined to pity the playgoer of Elizabethan times. Yet he needs no pity. To him the theatre of his day was sufficient. The drama enacted there was a source of intense and genuine pleasure. His keen enthusiasm; his fresh, youthful eagerness; above all, his highly imaginative power, — far greater than ours to-day, — gave him an ability to understand and enjoy the poetry and dramatic force of Shakespeare's works, which we, with all the improvements of our palatial theatres, cannot equal. Crude, simple, coarse as they now seem to us, we can look back only with admiration upon the Swan and the Curtain and the Globe; for in them "The Merchant of Venice," "As You Like It," "Julius Caesar," "Hamlet," and "Macbeth" were received with acclamations of joy and wonder. In them the genius of Shakespeare was recognized and given a place in the drama of England which now, after three centuries have passed, it holds in the theatres and in the literature of all the world.

Conclusions to be drawn.

BOOKS OF INTEREST TO STUDENTS OF SHAKESPEARE

[A bibliography of works on Shakespeare would make a volume of considerable size. Here are a few of the most useful books for students and teachers.]

William Shakespeare: A Critical Study.
GEORGE BRANDES. The Macmillan Co.

A Life of William Shakespeare.
SIDNEY LEE. The Macmillan Co.

The Facts about Shakespeare.
NEILSON AND THORNDIKE. The Macmillan Co.

William Shakespeare: Poet, Dramatist, and Man.
H. W. MABIE. The Macmillan Co.

Shakespeare and the Modern Stage.
SIDNEY LEE. Charles Scribner's Sons.

Introduction to Shakespeare.
EDWARD DOWDEN. Charles Scribner's Sons.

Shakespeare.
WALTER RALEIGH. The Macmillan Co.

William Shakespeare.
JOHN MASEFIELD. Henry Holt & Co.

Shakespeare: The Boy.
W. J. ROLFE. Harper Bros.

Handbook to the Works of Shakespeare.
MORTON LUCE. George Bell & Sons.

Shakespeare: his Life, Art, and Characters.
Rev. H. N. Hudson. Ginn & Co.

Shakespeare's England.
William Winter. Moffat, Yard & Co.

Shakespeare Manual.
F. G. Fleay. The Macmillan Co.

An interesting story of Shakespeare's times is *Master Skylark*, by John Bennett, published by The Century Company.

Scott's *Kenilworth* is a story of London and Warwickshire in 1575, and *The Fortunes of Nigel* gives a good picture of London in 1604, the year of "Othello."

EXPLANATORY NOTES

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ = *persons of the drama, the cast.*

As the expression *dramatis personæ* has been used for centuries in English plays, it has become English. It should therefore be pronounced as if English: dram'mattiss purso'nee. It is no more Latin than radius, census, consensus, data, caret, etc.

The names in the cast are arranged according to a system. First we have the male characters in the order of their rank, age, and social position. At the top of the list are the King and his brother, next the Duke and his brother, then the King's son, the Counsellor, and Lords; and so on down to the servants.

Following Miranda — the only woman in the play — are the spirits, in the enumeration of whom we find a similar social stratification.

Notice the accents: Mil'an, Pros'pero, Gonzal'o, Cal'iban, Trin'culo, Steph'ano, Miran'da, A'riel, Ce'res.

Scene tells where the whole play takes place. Only the first Scene of the first Act is on a ship. The rest of the play is on the island.

ACT I

Scene 1

The stage direction *On a ship at sea* corresponds with the first expression under SCENE in the Dramatis Personæ. The ship is in a storm and is driving on an island. The situation is critical.

Shipmaster. Called *Master of a ship* in the Dramatis Personæ.

Boatswain. How is this word pronounced?

3. Good is the Master's answer to the Boatswain's "Here" in line 2 above. **fall to't**: do something (to save the ship). **yarely**: energetically and promptly.

5. hearts. Sailors still say, "My hearties."

6. yare: be ready to follow orders! "On your toes!" **Tend to the master's whistle** means in effect, follow orders.

7. whistle. The Boatswain's badge of office. **Blow** is addressed to the tempest. **wind**: lungs. **if room enough**: if we have space enough between us and the island in which to maneuver the ship.

9. Play the men: act like men, be men.

14. good. A contraction for good friend *or* good fellow.

15. cares. "Elizabethan ears were not so sensitive as ours to the distinction between singular and plural."

16. roarers: waves. A roarer was a loud-mouthed bully.

16. To cabin. In common expressions, such as to bed, to horse, to earth, to sea, etc., we are accustomed to the omission of the article *the*. To the Boatswain the cabin was ordinary enough.

18. Good: very well.

21. work the peace of the present: produce immediate calm.

22. hand a rope more: follow our calling any longer.

25. Cheerly, good hearts. Addressed to the sailors.

27. he hath no drowning mark upon him: he'll never drown. (And if he does not drown, the rest of us will be saved.) **complexion**: temperament or constitution as shown by outward appearance.

28. to his hanging. Meaning that if the Boatswain is hanged, Gonzalo will live through the storm and reach shore in safety.

29. rope of his destiny: rope with which the Boatswain is destined to be hanged. **cable**: the anchor rope. Gonzalo means that he will be anchored to life by the rope with which the Boatswain is hanged.

30. case: plight.

32. Down with the topmast. The Boatswain orders the topmast lowered. At the time this play was written adjustable topmasts were just coming into use. **yare**: go about it vigorously. **lower**: lower away! Imperative.

33. Bring her to try with main-course: throw the rudder over and see whether the main-course (mainsail) will be enough. "To

try" implies an experiment. **within**: in the ship or back of the stage.

35. weather: storm. **office**: orders.

38. A pox o': a curse on. **blasphemous**: scurrilous.

39. incharitable. For the modern *uncharitable.*

43. warrant him for drowning: guarantee that he will not be drowned.

45. Lay her a-hold: keep her as close to the wind as possible. **set her two courses off to sea again**: set her mainsail and foresail. **courses**: sails. **off to sea.** To get more room. They are trying to keep the boat off the island.

48. must our mouths be cold: must we die?

50. case. See note to line 30.

51. merely: absolutely.

52. wide-chapped: big-mouthed. **would**: I wish that.

53. The washing of ten tides. This denotes duration of time. Pirates condemned to death in England were hanged on shore at the low water mark and were allowed to remain till three tides had washed them. Here Antonio is not satisfied with so small a number.

55. glut: swallow.

56. We split. The ship is going to pieces.

61. long heath. A plant, not the same as heath, open land.

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS FOR DISCUSSION

1. What authority does the Shipmaster have on board?

2. Who directs the navigation of the ship?

3. From whom do the sailors receive orders?

4. Is there a breach of professional etiquette in Alonso's speech?

5. Does Alonso show ignorance of nautical red tape?

6. What is the policy of Gonzalo's remarks to the Boatswain?

7. Why does the Boatswain treat the passengers with slight ceremony?

8. Is he justified in doing so?

9. How can the passengers justify their resentment of such treatment?

10. What change in the Boatswain's attitude is apparent in line 25?

11. What comfort does Gonzalo get from the Boatswain's rebukes?

12. What is the emphatic word in line 40?

13. Will any of the characters in this Scene appear later in the play?

14. Is the action sufficiently dramatic in this Scene?

15. What do we learn about Gonzalo in this Scene?

ACT I

Scene 2

"Nothing was ever better contrived to inform the audience of the story than this Scene. It is a conversation that could not have happened before, and could not but happen now."

"Prospero's speeches, till the entrance of Ariel, contain the finest example I remember of retrospective narration for the purpose of putting the audience in possession of all the information necessary for the understanding of the plot."

1. art. Prospero was a magician. **your . . . you.** The second person plural is a mark of respect here. Prospero speaks to Miranda in the second person singular (thou, thee, thine, thy, etc.) as a mark of tender affection. **you** is the emphatic word.

3. stinking. This word does not necessarily have a coarse meaning in Shakespeare's plays. Miranda means that the odor comes from burning pitch, as the next lines show.

4. welkin's: sky.

5. fire. Two syllables.

6. brave: good, gallant.

7. who: which. **creature.** Collective, meaning persons.

11. or ere: before.

13. fraughting: who were its freight.

14. piteous: pitying.

19. Of is to be taken with knowing. The verb is knowing **of**, not knowing. **more better**: better. This double comparative is frequent in Shakespeare.

20. full: thoroughly, very.

25. my art. Prospero means that with the removal of the magic garment (mantle) he ceases to be a magician and becomes a mere human being. "Prospero's magic resides only in his Mantle, Staff, and Book; Prospero himself remains akin to us."

27. virtue: "the most efficacious part, the energetic quality."

28. provision: the exercise of foresight.

29. soul. Supply some verb, such as lost, drowned, injured, etc.

30. perdition: injury.

31. Betid: past participle of betide.

35. inquisition: searching, inquiry, efforts to find an explanation.

41. Out: quite, fully.

43. Of anything . . . remembrance: tell me whether thou canst remember (38) by the image of anything that hath kept with thy remembrance.

52. How thou cam'st here thou mayst: thou mayst remember how thou cam'st here.

53. Twelve is the first foot of this line.

56. piece: model, masterpiece.

59. princess no worse issued: the rank to which you were born is no lower than princess.

63. holp: helped.

64. teen: grief, trouble.

65. from: apart from.

70. manage: management. **as at that time**: at that time, then. This needless *as* occurs now in *as yet*, which we use for *yet*.

71. signories. States in Northern Italy, under the government of independent princes but subject to the Holy Roman Empire.

72. prime: chief.

77. rapt: absorbed.

79. Being . . . suits: now that he had acquired the art of granting requests.

80. who: whom.

81. trash: weight down, handicap, hold back. **overtopping**: getting ahead by practices not generally approved.

85. that: so that.

87. sucked. Assumes that ivy is a parasitic plant. Does ivy injure trees? Does it injure walls? **out on't**: out of it.

88. O makes a whole foot.

90. closeness: seclusion, privacy. See "rapt in secret studies," line 77 above.

91. but by being so retired: except that it was so removed from public gaze.

92. O'er-prized all popular rate: was more valuable than public esteem.

97. sans. The French preposition meaning *without*. **lorded**: made a lord, made a sovereign.

98. revenue. Where does the accent fall in this word?

99. else: besides, in addition.

100. Who, etc.: he told the lie so often that he came to believe it (credited into truth) and thus made a sinner of his memory.

103. out o' the substitution: because he was acting as substitute ruler (for the Duke).

104. executing the outward face of royalty: acting the part of royalty.

107. To have no screen, etc.: to have nothing between the part assumed and the reality, he was determined to become Duke without any restrictions. What was the screen?

109. Milan. For Duke of Milan. **Me, poor man.** The discourse is Prospero's, the idea is Antonio's. Antonio thinks that the library is ample enough field for the poor recluse. "Me" is repeated in line 111 and is needed here only to identify "poor man."

111. confederates . . . wi': forms a conspiracy with.

112. dry: thirsty.

115. dukedom: Milan.

117. condition: bargain (with the King of Naples).

118. might: could (possibly).

119. but: otherwise than.

122. hearkens: listens to (and grants).

123. in lieu o' the premises: in consideration of the terms (stipulations).

125. presently: immediately.

128. A treacherous army (having been) **levied.** This is not grammatically connected with the rest of the sentence.

129. Fated: shaped by fate.

131. ministers: subordinates, servants. Not ministers of state. **for the purpose.** Supply some such word as *chosen*.

134. it. The *it* is indefinite, as in *foot it*, *go it*, *beat it*, etc.

135. wrings: forces, compels. **to 't**: to weep.

137. upon 's: upon us.

138. impertinent: out of place, inappropriate.

139. Well demanded: that is a good question. **wench** was a word much used in Shakespeare's time "in any variation of tone between tenderness and contempt."

144. In few: in short, to be brief.

146. boat. The original text is *butt*, which means, *cask*. Several modern editors have butt. It is possible that people now speak of a boat as a *tub*. Shakespeare evidently did.

148. they. See line 131. **hoist**: hoisted.

152. cherubin: angel. The word is probably "adopted from the French or Italian."

155. decked: sprinkled.

157. An undergoing stomach: courage to endure.

159. By Providence divine. As punctuated, these words answer Miranda's question. Really Prospero's whole speech answers her question. Would the sense be improved if we omitted the period?

162. who. Not necessary to the sense.

165. have steaded much: have been of great help (to us).

169. But ever: just once.

172. profit. Verb.

181. zenith, etc. The idea is, My auspicious star is now at its highest point.

186. And: therefore.

192. task. Imperative.

193. quality: confederates.

194. to point: to the slightest detail, exactly.

196. beak: prow, "the pointed and ornamental projection at the prow of ancient vessels, especially of war-galleys."

197. waist. In Shakespeare's time ships were built high fore and aft. The low place between was the waist.

198. flamed amazement: produced a light which caused amazement. **I 'ld**: I would. **sometime**: sometimes.

200. flame distinctly. A "description of the electric phenomenon known as St. Elmo's Fire." **distinctly**: separately.

206. brave. See note to line 6 above.

207. coil: confusion, uproar.

209. fever of the mad: "such fever as madmen feel when the frantic fit is upon them." **played some tricks of desperation**: showed despair.

215. that 's my spirit. Expresses approval. A similar use of *that* is found in the cry, Atta boy! **spirit** means Ariel.

217. perished. We would expect *harmed*.

223. odd angle: out-of-the-way corner.

224. in this sad knot: folded. Supposed to be an attitude of sorrow.

229. still-vexed: continually tormented (as if by storms). Other uses of *still* in this sense occur later. **Bermoothes**: Bermudas, islands in the North Atlantic 800 miles east of South Carolina.

231. Who. See note to line 80 above.

232. for: as for.

236. Supposing: believing.

240. glasses. The hourglass here measures one hour.

242. pains: tasks.

246. I prithee: I pray (implore) you.

252. ooze: bed, bottom.

255. me: for me.

259. grown into a hoop: bent double.

261. Argier: Algiers.

269. blue-eyed. Possibly with "dark eyelids and circles round the eyes."

273. earthy: gross, material.

274. hests: behests, orders. **Refusing** (to do). **grand**: important (to her).

276. unmitigable: relentless.

297. correspondent: obedient.

298. spiriting: work as a spirit. **gently**: willingly, obediently, in contrast with "malignant," line 257, and "moody," line 244.

308. visit: look after.

311. miss: do without.

316. when. "An expression of impatience."

321. wicked. Taken from Prospero's speech and turned back on him to make the retort more pointed.

323. southwest (wind). Supposed to be harmful.

326. urchins: goblins, elves, fairies, etc.

327. vast: dreary waste *or* expanse.

353. capable: susceptible (to).

358. race: nature, essence.

364. red plague. Supposed by some to be erysipelas.

369. old: of old age. Later in the play cramps are called "aged."

370. aches. Two syllables. If it is true that in Shakespeare's time ache was pronounced *aitch*, then the plural would be pronounced as indicated.

371. That: so that.

373. Setebos. Then reputed in England to be the great devil-god of the Patagonians.

378. whist: are silent.

379. featly: gracefully.

389. again: again and again.

395. fathom. Six feet.

404. ditty: words of a song. **remember**: recall, remind (me) of.

406. owes: owns.

413. but: except that.

421. Vouchsafe: grant (that).

424. prime. See note to line 72 above. **you.** What is implied by this word used instead of *thou?* See note to line 1 of this Scene.

425. wonder: miracle.

430. thou. Why used instead of *you?*

431. single: simple. Ferdinand believes that his father was drowned and that he, the son, is therefore King of Naples.

432. Naples: King of Naples.

436, 437. Duke of Milan — Duke of Milan. Are these two distinct persons?

437. son. No son has been mentioned.

438. more braver. See note to line 19 of this Scene. **control**: contradict, confute, prove to be a usurper.

440. changed eyes. Do we know what Prospero's wishes are concerning Miranda and Ferdinand? Do we know yet why he asked Ariel to cause the shipwreck?

442. some wrong. He may be an impostor.

452. thou. In what sense is this word used here?

464. entertainment: treatment.

467. fearful: dangerous.

468. My foot my tutor: can my foot teach my head? Miranda is as competent to advise Prospero as the foot is to instruct the head.

470. ward: posture of defense, as in fencing.

472. Beseech you. Supply "I."

477. is. Make the correction. See note to line 15 of Scene 1.

483. nerves: strength, might, physical powers.

487. nor. The passage may be rewritten, "Neither the wreck of my friends nor this man's threats are otherwise than light to me," etc.

489. Might I: if I may.

496. by speech refers to what he has said to Ferdinand.

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS FOR DISCUSSION

1. Quote any lines that have pleased you.
2. How does Shakespeare arouse interest in Miranda?
3. What opinion do you form of Ferdinand?
4. What good traits of character does Caliban show?
5. How much of the plot is developed in this Scene?
6. Tell the story of the conspiracy against Prospero.
7. Did Prospero do right in turning over to his brother the duties and responsibilities of government?
8. How do you explain the fact that the shipwreck of the first Scene turns out not to be true at all?
9. Describe the deportation of Prospero.
10. What had he done to deserve it?
11. Is there anything in Ariel's speech, lines 196–206, to justify the suspicion that it was written in imitation of the buskin writers of the period?
12. How do you explain the lack of action in this Scene?
13. In lines 66–186 what devices are used to hold the attention of the audience?
14. Are these devices necessary with modern audiences?
15. What is the dramatic function of Ariel's appearance in this Scene?
16. Why are lines 242–300 introduced?
17. Do you know of other instances in which spirits are controlled with difficulty?

ACT II

Scene 1

3. **hint of woe**: " the cause that fills our minds with grief."
5. **merchant**: merchantman, ship.
11. **visitor**: one who visits the distressed to give them consolation.
15. **tell**: count.
17. **entertainer**: host. Perverted to innkeeper by Sebastian.

18. dollar. Compare with "dolor" in the next line. Audiences in those days enjoyed puns.

21. wiselier: more wisely.

28. Which, of he or Adrian: which one, he or Adrian.

33. laughter: laugh.

40. miss: get along without, do without.

42. temperance: temperature.

43. Temperance. Humorous.

52. lush: juicy, succulent.

54. eye: suggestion.

55. misses not much: is not far from the truth.

64. pockets, etc. The meaning is in dispute.

73. to their queen: for *or* as their queen.

74. Dido's: Dido was the founder of Carthage, according to the legend. Tunis, on the north shore of Africa, is near the site of Carthage; hence the connection of Tunis (70) with Dido.

80. of that: about that.

84. miraculous harp. "The reference may be to the harp of Apollo, to whose tones the walls of Troy rose. Some mention the harp of Amphion, King of Thebes, whose tones assembled the stones and built the walls of the city."

97. Bate: enough of. Imperative.

100. in a sort: in a way. "Sort" serves as the catchword for the impending pun.

101. sort. This sentence may imply that when fate (Latin *sors*, accusative *sortem*) fished you out of the sea in her net, she sorted (as fishermen do their fish) you to shore and did not throw you back. Sort means (1) chance, (2) separating into groups. The whole subject is of minor importance.

106. rate: opinion. See note to I, 2, line 92.

117. his: its. **basis**: foundation, base.

118. I not doubt. "Do" is omitted or the more usual order may be used — "I doubt not."

124. Who may refer to "eye" or "she."

125. importuned. Where does the accent fall?

127. Weighed: pondered, was long in doubt.

135. time: proper time.

137. most chirurgeonly: with great surgical skill.

140. plantation: colonization.

144. I' the commonwealth, etc. The ideas here were taken from Montaigne's Essays.

149. Bourn: boundary. **bound**: area of land within boundaries.

158. engine: military machine.

160. foison: profusion.

169. minister occasion: offer opportunity.

170. sensible: sensitive.

177. An: if. **flat-long**: flat, not struck with the edge.

181. bat-fowling: catching birds by night with the aid of a bright light. The birds fly about the light and can be beaten down with sticks.

183. I will not adventure my discretion so weakly: I will not show myself so weak as thus to risk my reputation for discretion.

191. heavy offer. A transferred epithet. The offer is not heavy, but the offered sleep is.

203. the occasion speaks thee: this is your chance.

212. wink'st: closest thy eyes.

216. if heed me: if you intend to heed me.

217. Trebles thee o'er: makes you three times the man you are now.

218. to ebb Hereditary sloth instructs me: hereditary sloth has taught me to take the shrinking part — to deteriorate.

222. invest: clothe.

227. throes thee much: causes you great difficulty. **yield**: produce, bring forth.

228. weak remembrance: poor memory. It probably refers to Gonzalo.

231. only Professes: his only profession is.

238. wink: sleep. See line 212.

239. But doubt discovery: without suspecting every discovery it makes (because of the great importance of the discoveries).

244. note: news.

246. she that repeats what occurs twice in the previous lines. The word "that" is unnecessary. **she . . . from whom we . . . were**: she who is responsible for our being.

247. some cast again: some (of us) were cast on shore.

250. In yours and my discharge: (is) in your power and mine to settle.

256. Say: suppose.

262. chough: crow (bird). **of as deep chat**: able to talk as profoundly.

265. how does your content Tender: how do you like.

269. feater: more neatly.

272. kibe: chilblain.

273. 'Twould put me to my slipper: I couldn't wear my shoes — that's all.

275. candied. Often used in the sense of "frozen" or "congealed."

281. wink. See line 241 and note.

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS FOR DISCUSSION

1. How do the members of the shipwrecked party express their gratitude for their preservation?
2. What measures do they take for their immediate comfort?
3. How do they feel about the state of their clothes?
4. How are we to explain the mood in which they are?
5. To what conclusions do their deliberations lead them?
6. What is the substance of Alonso's remarks, lines 103–132?
7. What does Sebastian tell Alonso?
8. Is there any purpose in Gonzalo's speeches?
9. Why does he speak of his ideal commonwealth?
10. What abilities have the younger men developed abnormally?
11. What is the purpose in having all except Sebastian and Antonio sleep?
12. What does Antonio urge Sebastian to do?
13. What is the succession to the throne of Naples?
14. Why do they plan to kill only two?
15. How does Antonio deal with his conscience?
16. What are the details of Antonio's plot?

17. What prevents its execution? Was Sebastian's vacillation involved in the failure?

18. What has changed Alonso's opinion about his son's death (321)?

19. What lucky circumstance helps in the lie about the herd of lions?

20. What is the purpose of Ariel's appearance at the end?

21. What are Prospero's wishes about the murders?

ACT II

Scene 2

3. inch-meal. Compare with "piecemeal."

5. urchin-shows: "reels, dances, and various appearances of elves."

9. mow: make mouths, make faces. Compare French *moue*, mouth, wry face.

10. after: afterwards.

11. mount Their pricks: cause their quills to bristle.

18. bear off any weather at all: shield (me) at all from any weather.

21. bombard: a large vessel for holding drink, generally a leathern vessel.

26. Poor-John: dried hake.

30. make a man: make a man's fortune.

31. doit: a small coin.

34. let loose: give up.

37. gaberdine: a felt cloak for rainy weather.

39. dregs retains the metaphor in bombard.

45. swabber: one who mops the decks.

73. I will not take too much: I will take all I can get.

77. trembling. A sign of being possessed by some devil.

79. Come on your ways: turn over. Caliban, who is lying face downward, cannot drink from the bottle in that position.

80. cat. There was a proverb, "Good liquor will make a cat talk."

90. Amen indicates that *that* drink is over.

95. long spoon. Compare "Comedy of Errors," IV, 3, line 64, "He must have a long spoon that must eat with the devil."

102. moon-calf: monstrosity.

133. when time was: once.

141. drawn. We may imagine that Caliban has taken a second drink — a huge one this time.

145. when 's god 's: when his god is.

161. crabs: crab-apples, wild apples.

162. pig-nuts. The edible root of a plant that grows in England.

166. scamels. It is not known what these were.

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS FOR DISCUSSION

1. How much does Caliban seem to be intimidated?
2. Is he punished for cursing?
3. What forms of torture does he suffer?
4. Why does he fall flat?
5. How can we explain his failure to identify Trinculo as a man?
6. Why is the storm introduced?
7. How did Trinculo plan to make a profit on Caliban?
8. Explain the mention of England in Trinculo's speech.
9. Find similar mention of England in "Hamlet" if you have read it.
10. How are comic effects obtained after the entrance of Trinculo?
11. Explain Caliban's mistake in the case of Stephano.
12. What is Trinculo's discovery when he hears Stephano?
13. Describe the reunion of Stephano and Trinculo.
14. Why does Caliban lapse into prose in this dialogue?
15. What destroys Trinculo's fear of the monster?
16. Why does Caliban attach himself to the two?

ACT III

Scene 1

1. their labor Delight in them sets off: delight in them offsets (makes up for) their hardships.

6. quickens: gives life to, revivifies.

11. Upon a sore injunction: under heavy penalty.

13–15. I forget . . . when I do it: "I am forgetting my work — but when I do *thus forget*, my mind so teems with thoughts that I am really most busy when I seem to be least busy, and by these sweet thoughts I am ever refreshed for my work." Furness. **lest**: least. **when I do it**. The *it* refers to "I forget."

37. Miranda. The gerundive of the Latin verb, *miror* (*wonder at, admire*), has the feminine, nominative, singular form *miranda — to be wondered at; admirable*. **hest**. See I, 2, 274.

46. put it to the foil: offset it, counterbalanced it, defeated it.

52. how features are abroad. What is the emphatic word here? **features**: figures, bodily shapes. **abroad**: in other lands.

53. am skilless of: am ignorant of, do not know.

57. to like of. Compare "to be fond of."

63. flesh-fly. See Fabre's book, "The Life of the Fly."

63. blow: to lay eggs in.

70. hollowly: insincerely.

71. What best is boded me: the best things fate has in store for me.

72. what: any, anything.

79. die to want: die for wanting.

84. maid: maidservant. **fellow**: companion.

89. As bondage e'er of freedom: as ever slave was willing to be free.

93. withal: altogether, wholly. **but my rejoicing At nothing could be more**: but at nothing could I rejoice more.

94. book: book of magic.

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS FOR DISCUSSION

1. Why was Ferdinand carrying logs?
2. Had Prospero changed his attitude toward Ferdinand? See I, 2, lines 430–466. Justify your answer.
3. Why was Ferdinand willing to carry logs?
4. Find the humor in Miranda's first speech.
5. Should Ferdinand have allowed Miranda to carry the log?
6. List the compliments which Ferdinand pays to Miranda.
7. Are they to be recommended for use at present?
8. How do we explain the bluntness of her answers?
9. What maidenly shyness does she show?
10. What functions in the drama are played by the ensuing interchange of vows?
11. Does one separate episode of the play reach its dénouement here, or is this affair merely a part of the greater plan?
12. How often does Miranda forget her father's precepts?
13. Is the directness of Miranda's methods modern or ludicrous? How did it probably strike contemporary audiences?

ACT III

Scene 2

2. **bear up**: sail up. Sailor language.

4. **the folly of this island**. Understand this as a toast proposed by Trinculo.

8. **set**: fixed, motionless; *or* sunken out of sight, like the sun that has set.

9. **brave**. For meaning see I, 2, line 6.

10. **in his tail**. Perhaps suggested by the story that the hundred eyes of Argus were set in the tail of the peacock.

15. **standard**: standard bearer, ensign. The pun here is in the first syllable of *standard*. The point lies in the fact that Caliban was no longer able to stand.

16. **list**: like.

16. **he 's no standard**; he is too drunk to stand.

20. once: for once.

24. in case: in a mood or humor.

25. justle: jostle, bump against. **deboshed**: debauched.

31. monster: prodigy, something unnatural; in contrast with *natural* (32). Monster does not necessarily have the modern meaning of something huge.

32. natural: idiot.

63. pied: party-colored, motley. Professional jesters wore motley. **patch**: jester, fool. Perhaps so called from the patched appearance of motley.

67. quick freshes: fresh-water springs.

70. stock-fish: dried cod. **make a stock-fish of thee**: beat thee as a stock-fish.

79. murrain: a disease of cattle.

89. paunch: impale, puncture, run through.

90. wezand: windpipe.

91. possess: seize.

92. sot. The French adjective *sot* (fem. *sotte*) means *stupid, foolish.* Used as a noun it means *fool.*

94. rootedly. We use the word *deep-rooted* to express a similar idea.

96. Which . . . he 'll deck withal: with which he will adorn it. **but** is used here in two senses, (1) *be sure to*, (2) *only*. In this latter sense Caliban implies, "Don't burn anything else because he has brave utensils and it would be a pity to destroy them."

97. to consider: to be considered.

100. she: her.

102. brave. See note to I, 2, line 6.

116. troll: sing. **catch**: a round, a part-song.

117. while-ere: a (little) while ago.

128. take 't as thou list. See note to line 16.

141. that: so that.

146. by and by: immediately.

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS FOR DISCUSSION

1. Who does the planning in this Scene?
2. What is the plot?
3. What is Caliban's suit to Stephano?
4. Why has Caliban preferred Stephano to Trinculo?
5. How does Trinculo contradict himself in this Scene in the matter of courage?
6. What misunderstanding arises after Ariel's entrance?
7. How does this misunderstanding advance the plot? What is its purpose?
8. Why is Stephano so sensitive about interruptions?
9. Why does Shakespeare develop the conspiracy against Prospero half an hour before it can be put into operation?
10. Compare the animal courage of Trinculo and Stephano.
11. How are the three affected by the invisible music?
12. In what ways is Caliban superior to the others in this Scene?

ACT III

Scene 3

1. **By 'r lakin**: by our ladykin, meaning the Virgin Mary.
3. **forth-rights**: straight paths.
5. **attached**: attacked.
14. **throughly**: thoroughly.
21. **drollery**: puppet show.
23. **phœnix**. A fabled bird said to have lived in Arabia. There was only one alive at a time. From the dead one there grew another. The phœnix lived in or on a tree, the only one of its sort.
30. **certes**: assuredly. How is the word pronounced here? Sometimes it is a monosyllable.
34. **Many**. Than many of our human generation.
36. **muse**: wonder at, admire.
39. **Praise**. Imperative. **in departing**. Don't praise till the end of the entertainment.

46. Wallets of flesh: goitres. Common in Switzerland, which fact helps us to understand *mountaineers* (44).

48. putter-out of five for one. The allusion is to a form of traveler's insurance. "It was the custom for one who was on the point of setting out on a long and dangerous journey to invest a sum of money on condition of being paid a large amount of interest on his return." We should also note that if he did not return, the borrower kept the money invested. **each putter out**: every traveler.

49. warrant: assurance, *or even* proof. **like a harpy** (*Stage direction*). Students of Latin will recall the destruction of Æneas' banquet by harpies. See Virgil's Æneid, Book III, line 209.

54. hath to instrument: has as its implement.

56. you . . . whom (53) are both objects of "belch up." One of them is unnecessary. The natural order of words is: "Destiny . . . has caused the . . . sea to belch."

60. proper: own.

62. Of whom: with which.

63. bemocked-at. Hence futile.

64. still-closing. See note to I, 2, line 229.

65. dowle: a tiny bit of down, a part of a feather.

66. like: similarly.

71. requit: requited.

79, 81, 82. whose wraths to guard you from . . . is nothing but heart-sorrow and a clear life ensuing: there is nothing to protect you from the wrath of these (powers) unless it is repentance and a blameless life from now on.

mows (*Stage direction*). See II, 2, line 9 and note.

86–88. with good life And observation strange, my meaner ministers Their several kinds have done: in a way that is true to life and with rare attention to detail my humbler subordinates have played their several parts.

99. bass my trespass: to roar forth my crime.

102. But one fiend: if there is one fiend.

108. ecstasy: excess of passion.

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS FOR DISCUSSION

1. What is the purpose of this Scene?
2. What are the stage directions about table and food?
3. When your school enacts "The Tempest," how will you as stage manager accomplish the sudden removal of the food from the table?
4. Why does Prospero say, "Praise in departing?"
5. What is the character of Gonzalo's speeches in this Scene?
6. We are told who the "three men of sin" are. Find the place.
7. What plot has its dénouement in this Scene?
8. How did Ariel's enchantment leave Alonso?
9. How does an audience take Ariel's speech to the "three men of sin"? What is the purpose of this speech?
10. What future do Alonso, Sebastian, and Antonio think they are facing on the island?
11. Is there anything unyielding in their attitude? Cite lines to prove your opinion.
12. May their stubbornness lead to their fall? Are there modern counterparts?

ACT IV

Scene 1

2. compensation . . . third. Both refer to Miranda.

3. third. Prospero thinks that he is one third of his own life, Miranda a second, and something else (which he does not mention) is the last. Regarding this last third the present editor hazards the conjecture that the answer may be found in I, 2, lines 67–69.

4. who. Make the correction.

7. strangely: unusually well. In line 87 of the previous Scene *strange* has a closely similar meaning.

9. boast her off: describe her merits in a boastful way.

12. oracle: statement of a god. The term was also applied to the place and equipment through which a god transmitted the oracle to men.

14. purchased: acquired.

15. virgin-knot. Rolfe's excellent note is as follows: "Alluding to the . . . girdle which was worn by maidens in classical (Greek and Roman) times, and which the husband untied at the wedding. Hence *solvere zonam* (untie the belt) = to marry."

16. sanctimonious: holy.

18. aspersion: sprinkling. Used in a good sense here. Shakespeare probably knew the solemn ceremonial of the Church called *Asperges me*. In this the priest sprinkled the congregation with holy water, while the choir chanted the Psalm, *Asperges me* (thou shalt sprinkle me), etc.

23. Hymen. God of the marriage ceremony in Greek and Roman mythology.

26. opportune. Where does the accent fall?

27. can: is capable of, or suggest, or make **worser genius**: the weaker side of our nature.

30. When I shall think: as long as I am in possession of my faculties. **or**: till. **founder'd**: footsore. Phœbus' steeds draw the chariot of the sun. Phœbus, the sun god in Greek mythology, drove the chariot of the sun across the sky, and that was day. If his horses grow footsore, the monotonous and uniform alternation of day and night ceases.

41. vanity: "insubstantial spectacle," "display of Prospero's power as a magician." Compare the Latin adjective *vanus*, empty.

42. Presently: now, at once.

43. with a twink: in the twinkling of an eye.

47. mop: grimace, wry face.

50. conceive: understand.

51. Look thou be true. Addressed to Ferdinand. **dalliance.** From the verb "dally," one of the meanings of which is, "to toy, play, or wanton, as in interchanging caresses."

56. liver. "According to the old physiology the liver was the seat of the lower passions."

57. corollary: surplus. The line means, "Bring too many spirits rather than too few."

58. pertly: promptly and be quick about it.

Enter Iris (*Stage direction*). The spectacle which follows is a Masque. It is no part of "The Tempest" but is intruded into it. Its presence here is generally supposed to have been due to the fact that the play was produced at some wedding of importance. Masques were more gorgeously staged than were the regular plays.

60. Iris. Goddess of the rainbow and messenger of the gods. **Ceres.** Goddess of crops and harvests. **leas**: plowed fields. Formerly it meant pastures.

63. stover: fodder.

64. pioned. The meaning is doubtful.

68. pole-clipt vineyard: vineyard with vines clinging to posts or stakes.

74. peacocks. Sacred to Juno. **amain**: swiftly.

81. bosky: wooded.

85. freely: liberally.

89. dusky. Transferred epithet. Dis (otherwise known as Pluto) was the god of the Lower World — the region of darkness. He carried off Proserpina, the daughter of Ceres.

90. blind boy: Cupid, son of Venus. **blind.** On the assumption that "Love is blind."

93. Paphos. A town in Cyprus, sacred to Venus.

94. Dove-drawn. Venus is sometimes represented as riding in a chariot drawn by pigeons.

98. Mars's hot minion. Compare *minion* with the French adjective *mignon*, pretty, favorite, darling.

110. foison. See II, 1, line 163.

121. confines: place of confinement.

123. rare a wondered: with power to perform such unusual wonders.

128. wind-ring: winding *or* wandering.

130. crisp: with fluted *or* curled surface.

138. footing: dancing.

142. avoid: begone.

144. works: affects.

156. rack: mist.

158. rounded: finished off.

164. Come with a thought: come as quickly as thought.

166. to meet with: curb, check.

167. presented: represented.

176. unbacked: that had never been ridden.

180. goss: gorse.

187. stale: bait, decoy.

188. devil. Refers to Caliban.

194. blind. In the popular mind blindness is associated with acute hearing. **mole.** The idea is, *any* mole.

195. his. Prospero's.

197. played the Jack: deceived, played the knave.

203. hoodwink: cover, conceal.

223. frippery: shop where old clothes are sold.

228. Let's alone. There are three interpretations given for this: (1) Let us go alone (without Trinculo). (2) Let it alone. (3) Let us go along. Choose.

232. Mistress, etc. Here is a series of puns hardly worth the student's attention.

234. like: likely.

236. line and level: in a workmanlike manner. Line and level were used by carpenters. **an 't like**: if it please.

240. pass of pate: sally, witticism. Figure from swordplay.

242. lime: birdlime, a sticky substance.

247. lay-to: apply.

249. go to. An expression of impatience.

258. pard: leopard. **cat o' mountain**: catamount.

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS FOR DISCUSSION

1. Is Prospero's introductory speech intended for Ferdinand or the audience?

2. Is Prospero's introduction to the subject of the Masque felicitous?

3. How much do students enjoy plays or scenes involving the gods of Greek or Roman mythology? Why do we not find in modern books and conversation more allusions to mythology?

4. In the Masque, where is its purpose stated?

5. What is Juno's invitation to Ceres?

6. Comment on the rhymes in lines 47–48 and 112–113.

7. Has Prospero any purpose in impressing Ferdinand with the potency of his art, or is the comment intended for the audience?

8. How good a reason is that for introducing the Masque?

9. On the modern stage does the Masque increase the tired business man's enjoyment of the play?

10. What opportunities for gorgeous scenic effect does the Masque offer?

11. Why is the Masque broken off abruptly? Do you prefer it so? Are you glad to get it off the stage? Do you find it tiresome?

12. In line 175 a "project" is mentioned. What is it?

13. Why does Prospero think that Stephano, Trinculo, and Caliban will be caught with fine clothes?

14. How does their discovery of the clothes thwart their conspiracy?

15. Why does not Prospero simply make the three helpless, as he made Ferdinand helpless in the second Scene of Act I?

ACT V

Scene 1

2. time Goes upright with his carriage: does not crawl, moves forward vigorously; everything is going according to schedule.

10. weather-fends: protects from the weather.

15. Him: he.

18. affections: feelings.

23. all: everything.

24. Passion. A verb.

31. My charms I 'll break. Compare with line 2 of this Scene.

37. green sour ringlets. "Common people call them fairy circles." They are circles of grass, higher and darker in color than the surrounding growth. *Sour* is justified by the fact that

grazing animals pass them by. They are caused by the decay of a fungus, which enriches the soil.

51. required: asked for, summoned.

63. even sociable to the show of thine: sympathetic with the appearance of your eyes. See lines 15–16 of this Scene.

64. Fall fellowly drops: let fall (shed) sympathetic tears.

69. sir: man.

70. graces: acts of kindness, favors.

70, 71. pay . . . Home: pay in full. Compare *home thrust.*

76. remorse: pity.

81. reasonable shore: coast of reason.

85. discase me: put off my disguise.

86. sometime: once, formerly.

96. so, so, so. Refers to the help given him by Ariel in resuming the ducal robes.

112. enchanted trifle: deceptive apparition. **abuse**: mislead, deceive. Compare *disabused.*

117. An if this be at all: if this is real at all.

119. my wrongs: the wrongs done by me.

123. You do yet taste Some subtilties of the isle. "When a dish was so contrived as to appear unlike what it really was, they called it a subtilty."

127. pluck: bring down.

128. justify: prove.

154. admire: wonder.

162. yet: now.

discovers (*Stage direction*): reveals.

174. you should wrangle, etc: if you should wrangle for a score of kingdoms, I would call it fair play.

196. I am hers: I am her father (too).

213. was his own: was his own best self.

214. still: always. Compare I, 2, line 229.

218. blasphemy: blasphemer. See note to I, 1, line 38.

224. yare: ready, fleet.

244. conduct: guide. See *maze* two lines above. **oracle.** See note to IV, 1, line 12.

248. single: to you alone. **I'll resolve you . . . of every**

these happened accidents: I will give an explanation . . . of every one of these mishaps.

267. badges. "Household servants usually wore on their arms, as part of their livery, silver badges, whereon the shield of their master was engraved."

270. That. Relative pronoun, subject of *control*.

271. deal in her command without her power: exercise her (the moon's) authority beyond her sphere.

279. ripe indicates a process in its last phase. Here the process is intoxication, and **reeling** ripe means so drunk that he reels.

284. I shall not fear fly-blowing: flies will not lay their eggs in me.

288. sore. Find the jest.

310. me. Unnecessary in modern English.

313. deliver: tell, narrate, recount.

315. that. Relative pronoun.

316. chick. Called a bird in IV, 1, line 184.

318. Please you: if you please.

Epilogue.

It was not at all unusual for prologues and epilogues to be written by some one other than the authors of the plays. Some critics believe that Shakespeare wrote this epilogue, others are convinced that he did not. At any rate its chief interest to the student lies in the fact that it is a typical example of the epilogue.

13. Which was to please. Too often, in pursuing the shadow of Shakespeare's plays, we forget this, the substance.

18. Mercy itself: divine Mercy, the Almighty. **frees**: sets free from.

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS FOR DISCUSSION

1. How is Ariel punishing Prospero's enemies?
2. Why is Gonzalo punished with the rest? What was his guilt?

3. How far does Prospero's vengeance go? Is he vindictive?

4. Why does Prospero speak his *aside*, line 126, to Sebastian and Antonio?

5. Is Alonso's speech at line 148 natural? Why?

6. What is the purpose of introducing the Boatswain and Master again?

7. What modern audiences endure Epilogues? If you were stage manager, would you give or omit the Epilogue to this play?

8. How important to Prospero has Ariel been? Could Prospero have worked without Ariel? How is this important to the plot?

9. Why should the magic power belong to Ariel rather than have it belong to Prospero direct?

10. In lines 301–302 why does the party remain on the island over night? Why should they not start for Naples without delay?

12. Why are the last words of the play addressed to Ariel?

SUBJECTS FOR ORAL AND WRITTEN COMPOSITION

1. The Plot of the Shipwreck.*

[Tell in your own words why Ariel raised the storm and wrecked the ship. This can be made interesting by having Prospero give the orders and having Ariel ask questions about details and even about Prospero's motives. For example, Ariel might say that he could do his work better if he knew why Prospero was having it done.]

2. The Story of Prospero's Abdication.

[Prospero tells Antonio why he wishes to give up the active work of government and why he selects him to fill the position in his stead. He tells about his researches among his books.]

3. The Journey of the Wedding Party to Tunis.

[Describe the boat and crew. Name the passenger list and give an account of the voyage. How did the passengers amuse themselves?]

4. The Blending of Two Stories in "The Tempest."

[Show how Shakespeare has woven together the stories of Prospero's revenge and the courtship of Ferdinand. Would it be necessary to have the same characters in both?]

5. The Relation of Act V to the Rest of the Play.

[What is the purpose of the last Act? How does it grow out of what you have had before? What is the dénouement of the play?]

6. Give Directions for Keeping Constantly Our Sense of the Unreality of This Play.

[Shall we try to locate Prospero's Island? Were there ever

such magicians as he? Were there Calibans with witch-mothers? Were there Ariels who had dominion over lesser spirits?]

7. Shakespeare's Treatment of Caliban.

[What sort of character did Shakespeare wish to present in Caliban? What individuality has Caliban? In what is he superior to the others? Why does Shakespeare have him speak in verse most of the time?]

8. Compare the Landing of Alonso's Party with the Landing at Jamestown, 1607.*

[Which group was the more helpless? Which was the better led? What absurdities did both commit? Is it possible that Shakespeare had talked with some one who had been at Jamestown?]

9. The Character of Miranda.

[Find the materials from which critics have constructed the character of Miranda. Are their portraits faithfully drawn? What admirable qualities do you find in Miranda? Is there any unconscious humor in her speeches? Is she in any way a humorous character?]

10. The Boatswain.

[Contrast the two appearances of the Boatswain? Is Shakespeare's portrayal consistent and artistic? Why is his part an objectionable one to play?]

11. The Deportation of Prospero.

[Give your own idea of the plot and the details involved in the execution of it. Did the deportation take place by day? Was it rapid? Was it secret? Were there false charges

*An interesting description of a storm off the Bermudas is given in Stedman and Hutchinson's Library of American Literature. It is by William Strachey, who died in 1618.

trumped up against Prospero? Was damaging evidence "planted" in his quarters?]

12. The Hazing of Ferdinand by Prospero.

[Why does Prospero give a seemingly hostile reception to Ferdinand? Why does Ferdinand carry logs? Why does Prospero call him a traitor?]

13. Concessions to Popular Taste in the Play.

[List the passages which are not essential to the play in which Shakespeare has turned aside to make allusion to well-known, interesting things peculiar to the time.]

14. The Function of Drunkenness in the Play.

[Why does Shakespeare alternate maudlin and romantic scenes? How does intoxication help the humor? Is intoxication necessary to the plot or is it added merely to heighten the comedy?]

15. The Most Interesting Character.

[Give your reasons. Tell what you would do, in rewriting the play, to make the character still more interesting.]

16. The Less Important Scenes of the Play.

[Imagine yourself a stage manager and decide what lines you would omit in your presentation of the play to-day. Give your reasons.]

17. References to Mythology in the Play.

[Make a collection of mythological allusions in the play. Compare the knowledge of mythology in Shakespeare's day with present-day information on the subject.]

18. The Passing of Mythology.

[What are the advantages and disadvantages of our having discontinued reference to the gods, etc., of ancient mythology?]

19. The Statecraft of the Play.

[What wisdom or folly do you see in the administration of their offices by Prospero, Antonio, and Alonso?]

20. The Lyrics of the Play.

[What is the poetic value of the Songs in "The Tempest"? Do they appeal to you as really good poetry? Do you detect in them anything like free verse? Are they difficult to set to music?]

21. A Visit to the Island Eight Years After.

22. Prospero's Story of the Island.

["'Tis a chronicle of day by day, not a narration for a breakfast nor befitting this first meeting."]

23. Ferdinand and Miranda at Chess.

[How would you stage this? What opportunities for scenic effects are possible? What light would seem natural in the cell as a background? Why is a striking stage effect desirable here?]

24. Dramatic Situations in "The Tempest."

[Note the places where the dramatic suspense is acute. Note passages that make strong appeals to sympathy. What situations rouse the anger, pity, contempt, indignation, or admiration of the auditors?]

25. Caliban's Revenge.

[Imagine a way in which Caliban found opportunity to get some revenge on Prospero. What restrains him from gratifying his grudge? What real basis for a grudge does he have? What compensations did he have for his servitude? Ethically, is Shakespeare correct in giving Caliban no revenge?]

26. The Last Night on the Island.

[The varied moods of the hearers as they listen to Prospero's story. What interruptions to the story would be natural?]

27. The Unexpected in the Play.

[List the unexpected turns in the play. Are these events more or less numerous than in other plays? Is the unexpected necessary to the great artist or is it merely an asset of mediocre writers?]

28. The Tragic Elements in the Play.

[Is there tragedy in the background? Is the ending tragic? Is any part of the supernatural element tragic?]

29. The Character of Caliban.

[Caliban has been generally admired by critics. Find out why and give your opinions about the value of the reasons. Read Browning's "Caliban upon Setebos" and see whether the poet admired Caliban. Is his idea of Caliban in harmony with Shakespeare's?]

30. Prospero's Equipment for His Life on the Island.

[What did he bring with him from Naples? How did he meet the hardships of life? What comforts, etc., was he able to secure with Ariel's aid?]

31. Gonzalo as a Decisive Factor.

[If Gonzalo had not supplied Prospero with his books at the deportation, would it have been possible for Prospero to make himself comfortable on the Island?]

32. Prospero's Magic or Charms.

[Prospero says of his charms that he will break them, that they do not crack, that they are overthrown; his charm dissolves, and he unties the spell. Can we form from this a dis-

tinct idea of what a charm was? What is the mechanics of the charms?]

33. *You* and *Thou.*

[Collect examples containing these words. From these examples derive rules for their use. See if there are exceptions to the accepted rules. Is there any advantage in having both these words to use in conversation? Why have we dropped *thou*?]

34. Displays of Temper by Prospero.

[Critics assert that Prospero's disposition was not the best. Test their statement. Find examples to illustrate or disprove what they say.]

35. Was Prospero Kind?

[Was he ever happy or in a good humor? Find instances of good impulse on his part.]

36. The Wreck.

[Why is it that no incident in Ariel's description of the wreck appears in the first scene? Would it be advisable, in staging the play, to put into the first Scene any part of Ariel's description? Why? To how great an extent is the opening Scene merely a means to an end?]

37. The Restoration of the Ship.

[Explain the earlier report of the wreck, and tell how we know that the ship has again been put in good condition. Is this too great a strain on the imagination? If so, how could it be avoided?]

38. Travelers' Tales.

[Find, in the play, allusions to strange things in foreign lands. How does it happen that classical allusion is here replaced by mention of what later travelers reported? Did Shakespeare

live in an age of exploration or of colonization? Why was it no longer necessary to draw on the classics for strange stories?]

39. Miranda's Mother.

[Why does Shakespeare omit this character? What had become of Miranda's mother? Why do we have such scant information about her? Is she put out of the way as Creusa was in the *Aeneid?*]

40. Do you think that an intensive study of a play of Shakespeare adds to one's pleasure in the play?

[Write a brief, clear exposition, setting forth the advantages to be gained from such a study; or, put in the form of an argument any disadvantages you think such intensive study, pursued unwisely, might have.]

41. Write a paragraph on *Puns*.

[Include a definition, an illustration of one that you consider uncommonly flat, and of one that you consider clever. Give any justification that you can for the practice of punning, and, if you consider the practice objectionable, state clearly your objections. Close the paragraph with a sentence summarizing your point of view.]

42. Paraphrase the passage describing Gonzalo's ideal Commonwealth, Act II, Scene 1, line 147, expressing his ideas in modern terms.

[Expand as much as you like, giving a clear picture of his Utopia.]

43. List all passages of any length which are written in prose.

[State briefly any conclusions that you reach as to the circumstances under which prose is used, and as to the types of character which use it.]

44. Many critics have maintained that the Enchanted Island of "The Tempest" can be identified with the Bermudas.

[Write a paragraph either justifying this theory or giving your reasons for discarding it. Look up the Bermudas on your map. Also Tunis and Italy.]

45. The theory has been advanced that in the play of "The Tempest" Prospero represents Shakespeare himself.

[If we accept this, what was Shakespeare's magic? What was the significance of Prospero's breaking his staff and drowning his book? If the idea appeals to you, develop it.]

46. What is an allegory?

[Many readers of "The Tempest" have believed that it was allegorical. Has the idea suggested itself to you? If it appeals to you, develop it.]

47. Re-read a part or all of "The Tempest," noticing especially Shakespeare's use of figures of speech.

[Write a report of your investigation. In this report state (*a*) the different types of figures that you recognized, giving references; (*b*) the figure that it seemed to you (without making any careful count) Shakespeare used most frequently; (*c*) whether Shakespeare preferred the simile or the metaphor; (*d*) whether he inclined to long, elaborately worked-out figures or to short ones; (*e*) whether he used figures to obtain force, or for decorative purposes. Give a few examples of figures that you consider unusually effective.]

48. Shakespeare's Grammar.

[In the following sentences there is a disregard of certain rules of grammar that we are accustomed to observe. Tell just what rule is violated in each case. See if you can find other cases similar to these.

1. What cares these roarers for the name of king?
2. the Duke of Milan
   And his more braver daughter could control thee.
3. Who, with a charm join'd to their suffered labor,
   I have left asleep.
4. — there is no more such shapes as he.
5. You have spoken truer than you purposed.
6. The setting of thine eye and cheek proclaim
   A matter from thee.
7. I have broke your hest to say so.
8. He 's but a sot, as I am, nor hath not
   One spirit to command.
9. I never saw a woman
   But only Sycorax my dam and she.
10. And in these fits I leave them, while I visit
    Young Ferdinand, whom they suppose is drowned.]

49. Shakespeare uses many words that are quite familiar to you to-day in a sense that is not familiar to-you.

[Examples of such words occur in the sentences quoted below. See if you can find other examples.

1. Well demanded, wench. (Prospero to Miranda.)
2. I will be correspondent to command.
3. But, as 't is,
   We cannot miss him: he does make our fire.]

50. Shakespeare uses many words that are not in common use to-day, but the meaning of which you understand without difficulty.

[Examples:

1. Incharitable dog!
2. The very minute bids thee ope thine ear.
3. By foul play, as thou say'st, were we heav'd thence;
   And blessedly holp hither.

Find other examples. What do you call such words?]

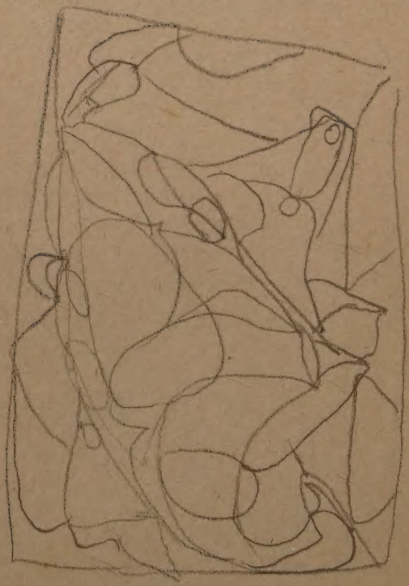
Subjects for Composition.

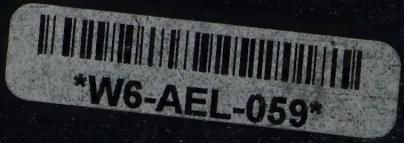
51. Shakespeare uses many words that are never used to-day, and the meaning of which is no clearer to you than as if they were from a foreign tongue.

[Examples:

1. Yare, yare! Take in the topsail.
2. — the sea, mounting to th' welkin's cheek.
   Dashes the fire out.
3. My son is lost; and, in my rate, she too.
4. but nature should bring forth,
   Of its own kind, all foison, all abundance.

What do you call such words? Find other examples.]

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